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MARCONI'S ACHIEVEMENT.

TELEGRAPHING ACROSS THE OCEAN WITHOUT WIRES.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

[Immediately upon the announcement of Mr. Marconi's success in signaling across the Atlantic Ocean, Mr. Baker went to St. John's, Newfoundland, where he visited the inventor and the scene of his experiments, afterwards accompanying him to Nova Scotia, and obtaining from him a complete and accurate account of his extraordinary achievements. McClure's Magazine printed, in March, 1897, the first article ever published about the young inventor, and, believing in him from the first, has followed his work step by step. In June, 1899, appeared a description of his successful signaling across the English Channel. The present paper is the authoritative story, obtained from the inventor himself, of his crowning triumph.—The Editor.]

IT is not at all surprising that Mr. Marconi kept his own counsel regarding his plans in coming to Newfoundland. So much hung on his success; and his project, in its bare outlines, was of a nature to balk human credulity. Think for a moment of sitting here on the edge of North America and listening to communications sent *through space* across nearly 2,000 miles of ocean from the edge of Europe! A cable, marvelous as it is, maintains a tangible and material connection between speaker and hearer: one can grasp its meaning. But here is nothing but space, a pole with a pendent wire on one side of a broad, curving ocean, an uncertain kite struggling in the air on the other—and thought passing between. And the apparatus for sending and receiving these transoceanic messages costs not a thousandth part of the expense of a cable. It is true that Marconi had already convinced the world of his ability to transmit messages for short distances without wires; yet his earlier successes seemed in no wise to prepare the public for his greater achievement. Earlier in the year he had communicated about 250 miles between stations on the British coast, but who imagined that he would suddenly attempt nearly eight times that distance? Even famous scientists and inventors refused at first to believe that signals had been actually transmitted from England to America. The project was too daring for public announcement. No one knew better what its success might mean to the world than the inventor: the entire reconstruction of the present methods of transoceanic communication, the possible rejection as waste of millions of dollars' worth of the costly and cumbersome cable apparatus now in use, new possibilities opened in commerce and politics, war made more difficult, nations brought into closer and more sympathetic relationships—in short, the very shrinkage of the earth. Supposing the inventor had heralded his plans—and failed!

Very quietly, therefore, on December 6, 1901, Mr. Marconi landed at St. John's, with his two assistants, Mr. Kemp and Mr. Paget. It was understood that he would attempt communication with the transatlantic steamships as they passed back and forth 300 miles away. He set up his instruments in a low room of the old barracks on Signal Hill, which stands sentinel at the harbor mouth half a mile from the city of St. John's. So simple and easily arranged is the apparatus, that in three days' time the inventor was prepared to begin his experiments. On Wednesday, the 10th, as a preliminary test of the wind velocity, he sent up one of his

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t h a n k s a m w e l l

FACSIMILE OF MESSAGE RECEIVED FROM AN INCOMING STEAMER BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AT THE STATION ON NANTUCKET—A DESPATCH TO THE N. Y. HERALD.

kites, a huge hexagonal affair of bamboo and silk nine feet high, built on the Baden-Powell model*: the wind promptly snapped the wire and blew the kite out to sea. He then filled a 14-foot hydrogen balloon, and sent it upward through a thick fog bank. Hardly had it reached the limit of its tetherings, however, when the aërial wire on which he had depended for receiving his messages fell to the earth, the balloon broke away, and was never seen again. On Thursday, the 12th, a day destined to be important in the annals of invention, Marconi tried another kite, and though the weather was so blustery that it required the combined strength of the inventor and his assistants to manage the tetherings, they succeeded in holding the kite at an elevation of about 400 feet. Marconi was now prepared for the crucial test. Before leaving England he had given detailed instructions to his assistants for the transmission of a certain signal, the Morse telegraphic S, represented by three dots (. . .), at a fixed time each day, beginning as soon as they received word that everything at St. John's was in readiness. This signal was to be clicked out on the transmitting instruments near Poldhu, Cornwall, the southwestern tip of England, and radiated from a number of aërial wires pendent from masts 210 feet high. If the inventor could receive on his kite-wire in Newfoundland some of the electrical waves thus produced, he knew that he held the solution of the problem of transoceanic wireless telegraphy. He had cabled his assistants to begin sending the signals at three o'clock in the afternoon, English time, continuing until six o'clock; that is, from about 11.30 to 2.30 o'clock in St. John's.

At noon on Thursday (December 12, 1901) Marconi sat waiting, a telephone receiver at his ear, in a room of the old barracks on Signal Hill. To him it must have been a moment of painful stress and expectation. Arranged on the table before him, all its parts within easy reach of his hand, was the delicate receiving instrument, the supreme product of years of the inventor's life, now to be submitted to a decisive test. A wire ran out through the window, thence to a pole, thence upward to the kite which could be seen swaying high overhead. It was a bluff, raw day; at the base of the cliff 300 feet below thundered a cold sea; oceanward through the mist rose dimly the rude outlines of Cape Spear, the easternmost reach of the North American Continent. Beyond that rolled the unbroken ocean, nearly 2,000 miles to the coast of the British Isles. Across the harbor the city of St. John's lay on its hillside wrapped in fog: no one had taken enough interest in the experiments to come up here through the snow to Signal Hill. Even the ubiquitous reporter was absent. In Cabot Tower, near at hand, the old signalman stood looking out to sea, watching for ships, and little dreaming of the mysterious messages coming that way from England. Standing on that bleak hill and gazing out over the waste of water to the eastward, one finds it difficult indeed to realize that this wonder could have become a reality. The faith of the inventor in his creation, in the kite-wire, and in the instruments which had grown under his hand was unshaken.

"I believed from the first," he told me, "that I would be successful in getting signals across the Atlantic."

Only two persons were present that Thursday noon in the room where the instruments were set up—Mr. Marconi and Mr. Kemp. Everything had been done that could be done. The receiving apparatus was of unusual sensitiveness, so that it would catch even the faintest evidence of the signals. A telephone receiver, which is no part of the ordinary instrument, had been supplied, so that the slightest clicking of the dots might be conveyed to the inventor's ear. For nearly half an hour not a sound broke the silence of the room. Then quite suddenly Mr. Kemp heard the sharp click of the tapper as it struck against the coherer; this, of course, was not the signal, yet it was an indication that something was coming. The inventor's face showed no evidence of excitement. Presently he said:

"See if you can hear anything, Mr. Kemp."

Mr. Kemp took the receiver, and a moment later, faintly and yet distinctly and unmistakably, came the three little clicks—the dots of the letter S, tapped out an instant before in England. At ten minutes

* For a full description of Baden-Powell's achievements with kites see McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for April, 1899.

past one, more signals came, and both Mr. Marconi and Mr. Kemp assured themselves again and again that there could be no mistake. During this time the kite gyrated so wildly in the air that the receiving wire was not maintained at the same height, as it should have been; but again, at twenty minutes after two, other repetitions of the signal were received.

Thus the problem was solved. One of the great wonders of science had been wrought. But the inventor went down the hill toward the city, now bright with lights, feeling depressed and disheartened—the rebound from the stress of the preceding days. On the following afternoon, Friday, he succeeded in getting other repetitions of the signal from England, but on Saturday, though he made an effort, he was unable to hear anything. The signals were, of course, sent continuously, but the inventor was unable to obtain continuous results, owing, as he explains, to the fluctuations of the height of the kite as it was blown about by the wind, and to the extreme delicacy of his instruments, which required constant adjustment during the experiments.

Even now that he had been successful, the inventor hesitated to make his achievement public, lest it seem too extraordinary for belief. Finally, after withholding the great news for two days, certainly an evidence of self-restraint, he gave out a statement to the press, and on Sunday morning the world knew and doubted; on Monday it knew more and believed. Many, like Mr. Edison, awaited the inventor's signed announcement before they would credit the news. Sir Cavendish Boyle, the governor of Newfoundland, reported at once to King Edward; and the cable company which has exclusive rights in Newfoundland, alarmed at an achievement which threatened the very existence of its business, demanded that he desist from further experiments within its territory, truly an evidence of the belief of practical men in the future commercial importance of the invention. It is not a little significant of the increased willingness of the world, born of expanding knowledge, to accept a new scientific wonder, that Mr. Marconi's announcement should have been so eagerly and so generally believed, and that the popular imagination should have been so fired with its possibilities. One cannot but recall the struggle against doubt, prejudice, and disbelief in which the promoters of the first transatlantic cable were forced to engage. Even after the first cable was laid (in 1858) and messages had actually been transmitted, there were many who denied that it had ever been successfully operated, and would hardly be convinced even by the affidavits of those concerned in the work. But in the years since then, Edison, Bell, Röntgen, and many other famous inventors and scientists have taught the world to be chary of its disbelief. Outside of this general disposition to friendliness, however, Marconi on his own part had well earned the credit of the careful and conservative scientist; his previous successes made it the

PREPARING TO FLY THE KITE WHICH SUPPORTS THE RECEIVING WIRE. MARCONI ON THE EXTREME LEFT.

more easy to credit his new achievement. For, as an Englishman (Mr. Flood Page), in defending Mr. Marconi's announcement, has pointed out, the inventor has never made any statement in public until he has been absolutely certain of the fact; he has never had to withdraw any statement that he has made as to his progress in the past. And these facts unquestionably carried great weight in convincing Mr. Edison, Mr. Graham Bell, and others of equal note of the literal truth of his report. It was astonishing how overwhelmingly credit came from every quarter of the world, from high and low alike, from inventors, scientists, statesmen, royalty. Before Marconi left St. John's he was already in receipt of a large mail—the inevitable letters of those who would offer congratulation, give advice, or ask favors. He received offers to lecture, to write articles, to visit this, that, and the other place—and all within a week after the news of his success. The people of the "ancient colony" of Newfoundland, famed for their hospitality, crowned him with every honor in their power. I accompanied Mr. Marconi across the island on his way to Nova Scotia, and it seemed as if every fisher and farmer in that wild country had heard of him, for when the train stopped they came crowding to look in at the window. From the comments I heard, they wondered most at the inventor's youthful appearance. Though he is only twenty-seven years old, his experience as an inventor covers many years, for he began experimenting in wireless telegraphy before he was twenty. At twenty-one he came to London from his Italian home, and convinced the British Post-Office Department that he had an important idea; at twenty-three he was famous the world over.

The inventor is somewhat above medium height, and though of a highly strung temperament, he is deliberate in his movements. Unlike the inventor of tradition, he dresses with scrupulous neatness, and, in spite of being a prodigious worker, he finds time to enjoy a limited amount of club and social life. The portrait published with this article, taken at St. John's a few days after the experiments, gives a very good idea of the inventor's face, though it cannot convey the peculiar luster of his eyes when he is interested or excited—and perhaps it makes him look older than he really is. One of the first and strongest impressions that the man conveys is that of intense nervous activity and mental absorption; he has a way of pouncing upon a knotty question, as if he could not wait to solve it. He talks little, is straightforward and unassuming, submitting good-naturedly, although with evident unwillingness, to being lionized. In his public addresses he has been clear and sensible; he has never written for any publication; nor has he engaged in scientific disputes, and even when violently attacked he has let his work prove his point. And he has accepted his success with calmness, almost unconcern; he certainly expected it. The only elation I saw him express was over the attack of the cable monopoly in Newfoundland, which he regarded as the greatest tribute that could have been paid his achievement. During all his life, opposition has been his keenest spur to greater effort.

Though he was born and educated in Italy, his mother was of British birth, and he speaks English as perfectly as he does Italian. Indeed, his blue eyes, light hair, and fair complexion give him decidedly the appearance of an Englishman, so that a stranger meeting him for the first time would never suspect his Italian parentage. His parents are still living, spending part of their time on their estate in Italy and part of the time in London. One of the first messages conveying the news of his success at St. John's went to them. He embarked in experimental research because he loved it, and no amount of honor or money tempts him from the pursuit of the great things in electricity which he sees before him. Besides being an inventor, he is also a shrewd business man, with a clear appreciation of the value of his inventions and of their possibilities when generally introduced. What is more, he knows how to go about the task of introducing them.

No sooner had Marconi announced his success than critics began to raise objections. Might not the signals which he received have been sent from some passing ship fitted with wireless-telegraphy apparatus? Or, might they not have been the result of electrical disturbances in the atmosphere? Or, granting his ability to communicate across seas, how could he preserve the secrecy of his messages? If they were transmitted into space, why was it not possible for any one with a receiving instrument to take them? And was not his system of transmission too slow to make it useful, or was it not rendered uncertain by storms? And so on indefinitely. An acquaintance with some of the principles which Marconi considers fundamental, and on which his work has been based, will help to clear away

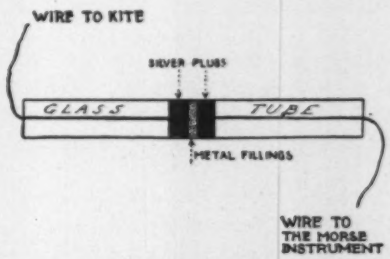
these objections and give some conception of the real meaning and importance of the work at St. John's and of the plans for the future development of the inventor's system.

In the first place, Mr. Marconi makes no claim to being the first to experiment along the lines which led to wireless telegraphy, or the first to signal for short distances without wires. He is prompt with his acknowledgment to other workers in his field, and to his assistants. Professor S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of telegraphy; Dr. Oliver Lodge and Sir William Preece of England; Edison, Tesla, and Professors Trowbridge and Dolbeare of America, and others had experimented along these lines, but it remained for Marconi to perfect a system and put it into practical working order. He took the coherer of Branley and Calzecchi, the oscillator of Righi, he used the discoveries of Henry and Hertz, but his creation, like that of the poet who gathers the words of men in a perfect lyric, was none the less brilliant and original.

In its bare outlines, Marconi's system of telegraphy consists in setting in motion, by means of his transmitter, certain electric waves which, passing through the ether, are received on a distant wire suspended from a kite or mast, and registered on his receiving apparatus. The ether is a mysterious, unseen, colorless, odorless, inconceivably rarefied something which is supposed to fill all space. It has been compared to a jelly in which the stars and planets are set like cherries. About all we know of it is that it has waves—that the jelly may be made to vibrate in various ways. Etheric vibrations of certain kinds give light; other kinds give heat; others electricity. Experiments have shown that if the ether vibrates at the inconceivable swiftness of 400 billions of waves a second we see the color red, if twice as fast we see violet, if more slowly—perhaps 230 millions to the second, and less—we have the Hertz waves used by Marconi in his wireless-telegraphy experiments. Ether waves should not be confounded with air waves. Sound is a result of the vibration of the air; if we had ether and no air, we should still see light, feel heat, and have electrical phenomena, but no sounds would ever come to our ears. Air is sluggish beside ether, and sound waves are very slow compared with ether waves. During a storm the ether brings the flash of the lightning before the air brings the sound of thunder, as every one knows.

Electricity is, indeed, only another name for certain vibrations in the ether. We say that electricity "flows" in a wire, but nothing really passes except an etheric wave, for the atoms composing the wire, as well as the air and the earth, and even the hardest substances, are all afloat in ether. Vibrations, therefore, started at one end of the wire travel to the other. Throw a stone into a quiet pond. Instantly waves are formed which spread out in every direction: the water does not move, except up and down, yet the wave passes onward indefinitely. Electric waves cannot be seen, but electricians have learned how to incite them, to a certain extent how to control them, and have devised cunning instruments which register their presence.

Electrical waves have long been harnessed by the use of wires for sending communications; in other words, we have had wire telegraphy. But the ether exists outside of the wire as well as within; therefore, having the ether everywhere, it must be possible



COHERER; ACTUAL SIZE.

to produce waves in it which will pass anywhere, as well through mountains as over seas, and if these waves can be controlled, they will evidently convey messages as easily and as certainly as the ether within wires. So argued Mr. Marconi. The difficulty lay in making an instrument which would produce a peculiar kind of wave, and in receiving and registering this wave in a second apparatus located at a distance from the first. It was, therefore, a practical mechanical problem which Marconi had to meet. Beginning with crude tin boxes set up on poles on the grounds of his father's estate in Italy, he finally devised an apparatus from which a current generated by a battery and passing in brilliant sparks between two brass balls was radiated from a wire suspended on a tall pole. By shutting off and turning on this peculiar current by means of a device similar to the familiar telegrapher's key, the waves could be so divided as to represent dashes and dots, and spell out letters in the Morse alphabet. This was the

transmitter. It was, indeed, simple enough to start these waves traveling through space, to jar the etheric jelly, so to speak; but it was far more difficult to devise an apparatus to receive and register them. For this purpose Marconi adopted a device invented by an Italian, Calzecchi, and improved by a Frenchman, M. Branley, called the coherer, the very crux of the system, without which there could be no wireless telegraphy. This coherer, which he greatly improved, is merely a little tube of glass as big around as a lead pencil, and perhaps two inches long. It is plugged at each end with silver, the plugs nearly meeting within the tube. The narrow space between them is filled with finely powdered fragments of nickel and silver, which possess the strange property of being alternately very good and very bad conductors of electrical waves. The waves which come from the transmitter, perhaps 2,000 miles away, are received on a suspended kite-wire, exactly similar to the wire used in the transmitter, but they are so weak that they could not of themselves operate an ordinary telegraph instrument. They do, however, possess strength enough to draw the little particles of silver and nickel in the coherer together in a continuous metal path. In other words, they make these particles "cohere," and the moment they cohere, they become a good conductor for electricity, and a current from a battery near at hand rushes through, operates the Morse instrument, and causes it to print a dot or a dash; then a little tapper, actuated by the same current, strikes against the coherer, the particles of metal are jarred apart or "decohered," becoming instantly a poor conductor, and thus stopping the strong current from the home battery. Another wave comes through space, down the suspended kite-wire, into the coherer, there drawing the particles again together, and another dot or dash is printed. All these processes are continued rapidly, until a complete message is ticked out on the tape. Thus Mr. Kemp knew when he heard the tapper strike the coherer that a signal was coming, though he could not hear the click of the receiver itself. And this is in bare outline Mr. Marconi's invention—this is the combination of devices which has made wireless telegraphy possible, the invention on which he has taken out 132 patents in every civilized country of the world. Of course his instruments contain much of intricate detail, of marvelously ingenious adaptation to the needs of the work, but these are interesting chiefly to expert technicians.

In his actual transoceanic experiments of last December, Mr. Marconi's transmitting station in England was fitted with twenty masts 210 feet high, each with its suspended wire, though not all of them were used. A current of electricity sufficient to operate some 300 incandescent lamps was used, the resulting spark being so brilliant that one could not have looked at it with the unshaded eye. The wave which was thus generated had a length of about a fifth of a mile, and the rate of vibration was about 800,000 to the second. Following the analogy of the stone cast in the pond with the ripples circling outward, these waves spread from the suspended wires in England in every direction, not only westward toward the cliff where Marconi was flying his kite, but eastward, northward, and southward, so that if some of Mr. Marconi's assistants had been flying kites, say on the shore of Africa, or South America, or in St. Petersburg, they might possibly, with a corresponding receiver, have heard the identical signals at the same instant. In his early experiments Marconi believed that great distances could not be obtained without very high masts and long, suspended wires, the greater the distance the taller the mast, on the theory that the waves were hindered by the curvature of the earth; but his later theory, substantiated by his Newfoundland experiments, is that the waves somehow follow around the earth, conforming to its curve, and the next station he establishes in America will not be set high on a cliff, as at St. John's, but down close to the water on level land. His Newfoundland experiments have also convinced him that one of the secrets of successful long-distance transmission is the use of a more powerful current in his transmitter, and this he will test in his next trials between the continents.

And now we come to the most important part of Mr. Marconi's work, the part least known even to science, and the field of almost illimitable future development. This is the system of "tuning," as the inventor calls it, the construction of a certain receiver so that it will respond only to the message sent by a certain transmitter. When Marconi's discoveries were first announced in 1896, there existed no method of tuning, though the inventor had its necessity clearly in mind. Accordingly the public inquired, "How are you going to keep your messages secret? Supposing a warship wishes to communicate with another of the fleet, what is to prevent the enemy from reading your mes-

sage? How are private business despatches to be secured against publicity?" Here, indeed, was a problem. Without secrecy no system of wireless telegraphy could ever reach great commercial importance, or compete with the present cable communication. The inventor first tried using a parabolic copper reflector, by means of which he could radiate the electric waves exactly as light, which, it will be borne in mind, is only another kind of etheric wave, is reflected by a mirror. This reflector could be faced in any desired direction, and only a receiver located in that direction would respond to the message. But there were grave objections to the reflector; an enemy might still creep in between the sending and receiving stations, and, moreover, it was found that the curvature of the earth interfered with the transmission of reflected messages, thereby limiting their usefulness to short distances.

MR. MARCONI AND HIS ASSISTANTS: MR. KEMP ON THE LEFT, MR. PAGET ON THE RIGHT.
They are sitting on a balloon basket, with one of the Baden-Powell kites in the background.

In passing, however, it may be interesting to note one extraordinary use for this reflecting system which the inventor now has in mind. This is in connection with lighthouse work. Ships are to be provided with reflecting instruments which in dense fog or storms can be used exactly as a searchlight is now employed on a dark night to discover the location of the lighthouses or lightships. For instance, the lighthouse, say, on some rocky point on the New England coast would continually radiate a warning from its suspended wire. These waves pass as readily through fog and darkness and storm as in daylight. A ship out at sea, hidden in fog, has lost its bearings; the sound of the warning horn, if warning there is, seems to come first from one direction then from another, as sounds do in a fog, luring the ship to destruction. If now the mariner is provided with a wireless reflector, this instrument can be slowly turned until it receives the lighthouse warning, the captain thus learning his exact location; if in distress, he can even communicate with the lighthouse. Think also what an advantage such an equipment would be to vessels entering a dangerous harbor in thick weather. This is one of the developments of the near future.

The reflector system being impracticable for long-distance work, Mr. Marconi experimented with tuning. He so constructed a receiver that it responds only to a certain transmitter. That is, if the transmitter is radiating 800,000 vibrations a second, the corresponding receiver will take only 800,000 vibrations. In exactly the same way a familiar tuning fork will respond only to another tuning fork having exactly the same

"tune," or number of vibrations per second. And Mr. Marconi has now succeeded in bringing this tuning system to some degree of perfection, though very much work yet remains to be done. For instance, in one of his English experiments, at Poole in England, he had two receivers connected with the same wire, and tuned to different transmitters located at St. Catherine's Point. Two messages were sent, one in English and one in French. Both were received at the same time on the same wire at Poole, but one receiver rolled off its message in English, the other in French, without the least interference. And so when critics suggested that the inventor may have been deceived at St. John's by messages transmitted from ocean liners, he was able to respond promptly:

"Impossible. My instrument was tuned to receive only from my station in Cornwall."

Indeed, the only wireless-telegraph apparatus that could possibly have been within hundreds of miles of Newfoundland would be one of the Marconi-fitted steamers, and the "call" of a steamer is not the letter "S," but "U."

The importance of the new system of tuning can hardly be overestimated. By it all the ships of a fleet can be provided with instruments tuned alike, so that they may communicate freely with one another, and have no fear that the enemy will read the messages. The spy of the future must be an electrical expert who can slip in somehow and steal the secret of the enemy's tunes. Great telegraph companies will each have its own tuned instruments, to receive only its own messages, and there may be special tunes for each of the important governments of the world. Or perhaps (for the system can be operated very cheaply), the time will even come when the great banking and business houses, or even families and friends, will each have its own wireless system, with its own secret tune. Having variations of millions of different vibrations, there will be no lack of tunes. For instance, the British navy may be tuned to receive only messages of 700,000 vibrations to the second, the German navy 1,500,000, the United States Government 1,000,000, and so on indefinitely.

Tuning also makes multiplex wireless telegraphy a possibility; that is, many messages may be sent or received on the same suspended wire. Supposing, for instance, the operator was sending a hurry press despatch to a newspaper. He has two transmitters, tuned differently, connected with his wire. He cuts the despatch in two, sends the first half on one transmitter, and the second on the other, thereby reducing by half the time of transmission.

A sort of impression prevails that wireless telegraphy is still largely in the uncertain experimental stage; but, as a matter of fact, it has long since passed from the laboratory to a wide commercial use. Its development since Mr. Marconi's first paper was read, in 1896, and especially since the first message was sent from England to France across the Channel in March, 1899, has been astonishingly rapid. Most of the ships of the great navies of Europe and all the important ocean liners are now fitted with the "wireless" instruments. The system has been recently adopted by the Lloyds of England, the greatest of shipping exchanges. It is being used on many lightships, and the New York "Herald" receives daily reports from vessels at sea, communicated from a ship station off Nantucket. Were there space to be spared, many incidents might be told showing in what curious and wonderful ways the use of the "wireless" instruments has saved life and property, to say nothing of facilitating business. Though it is not generally known, messages are now received in England at the rate of twelve cents a word for transmission to vessels that have already sailed from port. The inventor informed me that his company was now actually doing a profitable business on a commercial basis, though all profits are expended as fast as earned in new experiments.

Mr. Marconi, indeed, since his experiments in Newfoundland have been successful, assured me that the time when messages would be regularly flashing between Europe and America was much nearer than most people realized.

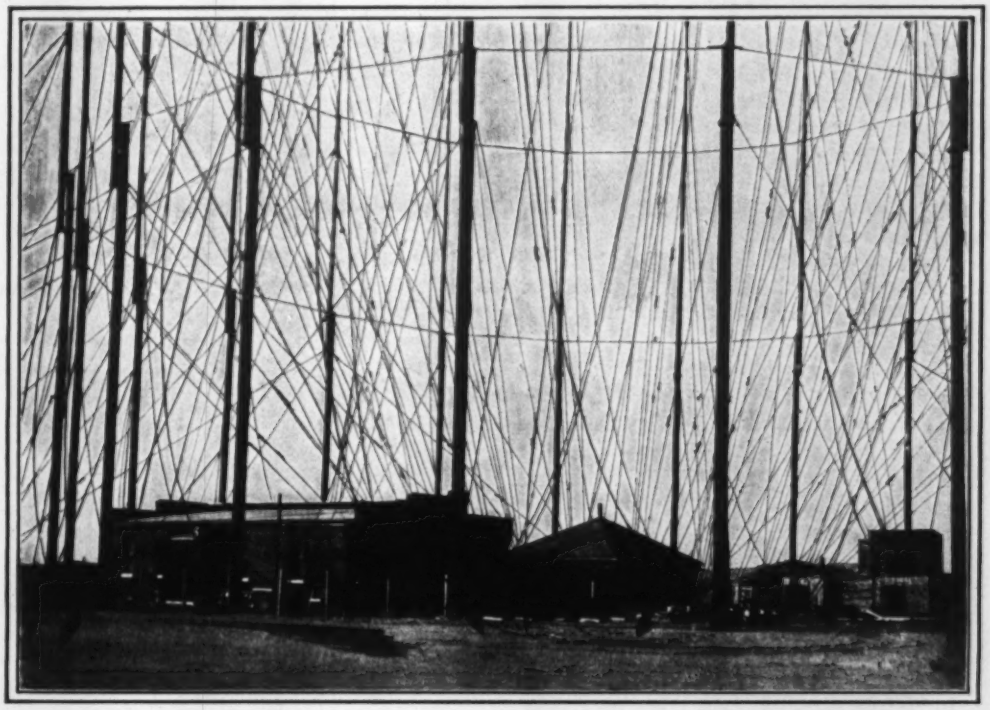
"It will be a matter of months rather than of years," he said.

And, indeed, the simplicity and ease of installation of his apparatus would certainly argue a speedy accomplishment of that end. He informed me that he would be able to build and equip stations on both sides of the Atlantic for less than $150,000, the subsequent charge for maintenance being very small. A cable across the Atlantic costs between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000, and it is a constant source of expenditure for repairs. The inventor will be able to transmit with single instruments about twenty words a minute, and at a cost ridiculously small compared with the present cable tolls. He said in a speech delivered at a dinner given

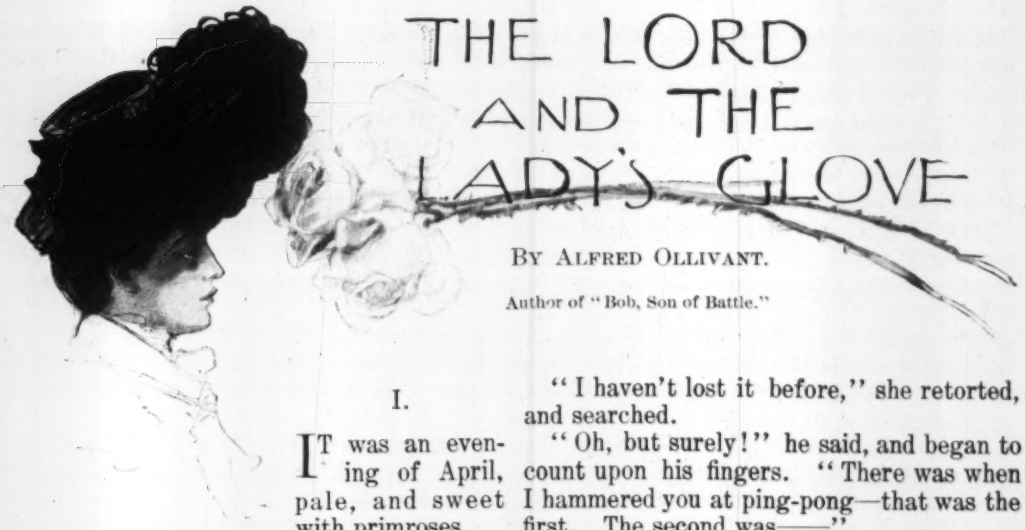
him by the governor at St. John's that messages which now go by cable at twenty-five cents a word might be sent profitably at a cent a word or less, which is even much cheaper than the very cheapest present rates in America for messages by land wires. It is estimated that about $400,000,000 is invested in cable systems in various parts of the world. If Marconi succeeds as he hopes to succeed, much of the vast network of wires at the bottom of the world's oceans, represented by this investment, will lose its usefulness. It is now the inventor's purpose to push the work of installation between the continents as rapidly as possible, and no one need be surprised if the year 1902 sees his system in practical commercial operation. Along with this transatlantic work he intends to extend his system of transmission between ships at sea and the ports on land, with a view to enabling the shore stations to maintain constant communication with vessels all the way across the Atlantic. If he succeeds in doing this, there will at last be no escape for the weary from the daily news of the world, so long one of the advantages of an ocean voyage. For every morning each ship, though in mid-ocean, will get its bulletin of news, the ship's printing-press will strike it off, and it will be served hot with the coffee. Yet think what such a system will mean to ships in distress, and how often it will relieve the anxiety of friends awaiting the delayed voyager.

Mr. Marconi's faith in his invention is boundless. He told me that one of the projects which he hoped soon to attempt was to communicate between England and New Zealand. If the electric waves follow the curvature of the earth, as the Newfoundland experiments indicate, he sees no reason why he should not send signals 6,000 or 10,000 miles as easily as 2,000.

Then there is the whole question of the use of wireless telegraphy on land, a subject hardly studied, though messages have already been sent upward of sixty miles overland. The new system will certainly prove an important adjunct on land in war-time, for it will enable generals to signal, as they have done in South Africa, over comparatively long distances in fog and storm, and over stretches where it might be impossible for the telegraph corps to string wires or for couriers to pass on account of the presence of the enemy.



MARCONI WIRELESS-TELEGRAPHY STATION ON CAPE COD, NOW PARTLY STORM-WRECKED.



THE LORD AND THE LADY'S GLOVE

By Alfred Ollivant.

Author of "Bob, Son of Battle."

I.

It was an evening of April, pale, and sweet with primroses.

The wood-pigeons were falling to sleep in the tops of the oaks, and the woods rang with the braggart "I'm—a-comin'—comin'—comin'—" of cock-pheasants strutting home to roost.

Out of the hazel-coppice, black against the golden west, a path ran to the stile; here stood a notice-board warning trespassers; beyond the stile, the path ran among gray-limbed oaks, their feet amid the primroses, and heads standing out in the pale evening.

Out of the shadow of the hazel-coppice a lady came swiftly. She wore a hat like a cavalier's, with sweeping plume and one side caught up, and beneath the brim a posy of white roses against the swarthy glory of her hair. And she walked swiftly and smote sharply upon her skirt with the glove in her ungloved hand; and behind followed a man with a boy's smile.

So they came toward the stile, and the lady led swiftly, and the man followed, and neither spoke.

And at the stile the man led, and the lady followed; and again in the clear wood, where beneath the branches the path lay dappled with sun, the lady led again swiftly, and the man followed, and neither spoke, and the man smiled.

Thirty yards beyond the stile the lady stopped, and looked behind and about her.

The man with the boy's smile watched her.

"Gone again?" he asked.

The lady looked through him, and beyond him, and back along the path; and answered nothing.

"Last time you lost it—" he began.

"I haven't lost it before," she retorted, and searched.

"Oh, but surely!" he said, and began to count upon his fingers. "There was when I hammered you at ping-pong—that was the first. The second was——"

She looked up into his eyes.

"And this makes the third," he said.

"That's your shortest way home," she said, and pointed back along the path.

He looked at her, lifted his hat, and returned toward the stile. She dropped her eyes to her quest.

A minute later his feet sounded leisurely climbing the stile—then silence; and she glanced up to see if he was gone.

He was sitting on the stile.

"I thought I was tired," he said; "I thought I'd sit a bit. I thought you wouldn't mind." He added, "It's my stile, you know."

She turned her head and searched.

"I can't help, can I?" he asked; and as she made no reply—"I'm so glad you won't let me; I like sitting so much better."

She turned round.

"I thought I left my glove on the stile," she said, cold as a star.

"I thought you did, too," he said.

She came toward him.

"It's not here now," he said, "that I can see."

She stopped.

"I thought you said——"

"No," he said, "I said I thought."

"I know I had it not a minute ago," she said.

"I know you had," he said. "I saw you drop it."

She looked at him.

"Then why didn't you pick it up?"

"I daren't," he said. "Last time I picked it up——"

"That's different."

"You said in such a pointed way, 'That's *my* hand.'"

"So it was."

"Is a glove not a glove when there's a hand in it?" he asked.

She turned her back.

"Oh," he said, "you never told me."

She walked away, searching; and he sat and looked into the hollow of his right hand.

"It can't be far," he said; "I know it can't be far. Though I doubt if you'll find it. I know it can't be far."

"I'm not going till I have found it," she said, and searched.

"Right," he said. "I'm in no hurry," and he settled himself on the stile.

She looked up.

"I think I'd go home," she said.

"I must rest a little first," he replied.

"Shan't you tire yourself watching me?" she asked.

"Not as long as I sit to it," he replied.

So she searched, and he sat; and when her back was turned, he lost his lips in the

"AND THE LADY LED SWIFTLY AND THE MAN FOLLOWED."

hollow of his right hand, and repeated, "It can't be far; I know it can't be far," until she turned upon him with:

"I wish you'd shut up your parrot-on-a-perch cry."

"I thought it would encourage you," he said.

"Well, it doesn't," she said.

"Very well," he said, and sat upon his hands and watched her search.

"Any nearer finding it?" he asked at length.

"Nearer than you, at all events," she said.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, and rocked on his hands and sniggered.

She looked up sharply.

"What are you giggling at?"

"You," he said.

"Is it so funny seeing me hunt while you sit and grin?" she asked.

"It does amuse me," he allowed.

"It doesn't amuse me at all," she said.

"You don't see it quite as I do," he said meekly.

"No," she retorted; "I haven't your sense of humor," and she began to move away.

"Going to give it up?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Oh, I wouldn't," he said. "It can't be far; I know it can't be far."

"I've heard that before," she said, trailing away.

"Well, it stands to reason it must be here," he said, "if no one has taken it."

"No one has been by," she said, trailing away.

"Then it must be here," he said.

She swept round.

"Then perhaps you'll get down from your perch and find it."

"I should get no further toward finding it if I did," he said, and rocked on his hands.

"Anyway," she said, "I should like to see you look."

"I am looking," he pleaded.

"I think if you got down," she suggested.

He slid down to his feet.

"If it helps you in your trouble," he said, "I can stand for a bit."

So he stood, leaning against the stile, and she moved away.

"D'you give it up?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"So do I," he said, and climbed back to his seat.

She stalked away.

"Don't be cross with me," he begged.

"I am cross," she said, marching on.

"I know——" he said.

She flared round.

"You know?" she cried.

"How annoying it must be," he added.

"It is," she said, marching on.

"Was it so precious?" he asked.

"To me," she replied, marching on.

He looked up curiously, and then glanced into the hollow of his hand.

"Yet it was old," he said, "if I may say so."

She turned, and he shut his right hand and sat upon it.

"What are you judging by?"

"The look of it," he said.

"The look?" she cried.

"Yes," he said, "when I last saw it."

She turned again coldly.

"It was not old," she said.

"I don't know," he said. "What about the hole?"

"What hole?"

"The hole in the thumb."

"I never said there was a hole in the thumb."

"There was, though," he said, "if I may say so."

She turned.

"May I ask how you came to know?" she said deliberately.

Leisurely he glanced up.

"If there wasn't," he said, "may I ask how you got your thumb in?"

She scorned him with her eyes.

"Funny!" she said, and swung away.

He jumped down from the stile and began to follow.

"I thought you were getting a bit low," he said.

"Did you?" she said.

"I thought you wanted cheering," he said.

"Indeed!" she said.

"And it's my day out," he said, following.

"Then I'd go in," she said.

"Funny!" he said.

She swept round on him, and he stopped dead.

"What?"

"We don't find it," he said.

She looked at him, and he looked back with innocent eyes.

"Going in?" he asked.

"Yes."

"May I come?"

"No."

He stood in the path and looked after her.

"I wonder you care to leave your glove out at night alone," he said, "and in a wood."

"I'll leave you to look for it," she said.

"I must do my best with what I have," he said.

"You've nothing," she said.

"Oh, yes, I have," he said.

"What?" she asked, and came to a sudden halt.

"HE WAS SITTING ON THE STILE."

"If I find it, may I keep it?" he asked.

"No, you mayn't."

"No?"

"Certainly not," with coldest emphasis.

"Not if I replace it," he said, "with another twice as good?"

"You can't," she said.

"Why not?" he asked.

"You've nothing to match it with."

"The evidence before my eyes," he said.

"Where?" she asked.

"On your hand," he said.

"I didn't say I was wearing a pair," she replied.

"Weren't you?" he said. "How odd of you!"

She swept away in scorn.

"I'm afraid you're put out," he said.

"SHE SWEPT ROUND ON HIM, AND HE STOPPED DEAD."

She replied nothing, walking on.

"Did you like it so much?" he asked, following.

"Yes."

"For its own sake?"

"No."

Then he looked up quickly.

"It wasn't given you?"

"Yes, it was."

A sudden shadow crossed his face.

"Oh," he said.

"What's the matter?" she asked, looking round.

"I didn't know it was given you," he said, all gloom.

"What difference does it make?" she asked.

He stood and looked at his boot toes.

"It is different," he said, "from buying it."

"In what way?" she asked sharply.

"In this way," he said, all gloom; "it costs less."

She turned with a little snort of scorn and went on her way, and he stood and looked at his right hand dolefully.

"I didn't know it was given you," he said. "I might have tried to find it if I'd known in time."

"You know now," she said, still walking away.

"It's a bit late now," he said gloomily. "But I'm sorry about it. I feel I might have done more."

She walked away without a word.

"Are you angry?" he asked, looking up.

She slackened a little.

"Not angry," she said; "of course I'm sorry."

"So am I," he said contritely.

"Well," she said, relenting, "never mind. It's not your fault."

He grunted.

She paused suddenly and half turned toward him.

"You see," she said, suddenly shy, "it wouldn't matter, only it was given me by a—by a——"

He looked up quickly.

"By a—" he said, "by a—I didn't catch the name."

"By a friend," she said.

He looked at her, half smiling.

"How sweet of her!" he said.

She poked among the leaves with her parasol.

"Wasn't it?" she said; "but she wasn't that sort."

"I daresay he was just as nice if he wasn't?" he said.

She poked among the leaves.

"It's hardly fair to ask me," she said.

"You're a little prejudiced?" he asked.

"I suppose I am," she said, "naturally."

"And I suppose he is," he said, "naturally?"

"Well, I hope so," she said, and laughed a little.

He folded his arms, and she drew pictures in the dust.

"Known him long?" he asked.

"As long as I can remember," she replied.

"Oh," he said.

"We used to play together as tinies," she added.

"And quarrel," he said, "I hope."

"Yes, quarrel," she said, "and kiss."

There crept back into the man's face a shadow of the boy's smile.

"We've been quarreling, haven't we?" he asked.

She began to move away.

"Because if we haven't," he continued, "we will now," and the smile left his face. "Don't you think you might have told me this before, Miss Brudenell?" he asked, suddenly cold.

"I thought you knew," she said, almost sullenly.

"How should I know?" he asked.

"I thought everybody knew," she said.

"Nobody that I know knew," he said. "I don't think even your mother knew."

"Mother!" she cried, looking up. "Mother was the first to know."

"Well," he said, "funny thing she never told me."

"I'm telling you now," she said tartly.

"Yes," he said, "but isn't it a bit late in the day?" and he looked her in the eyes. Beautifully sullen, she turned.

"Then there's nothing left for me to do," he said coldly, "but to offer my congratulations."

He marked the shrug of her shoulders as she walked away.

"Don't you consider it a matter for congratulation?" he asked, following, and the coldness was out of his face.

"Oh, I don't know," she said.

"You don't seem to take it quite as one—would have expected," he said.

"One takes things as they come in these days," she replied, walking on slowly.

"I see," he said; "you're a philosopher."

"No," she said, "I can't help myself, that's all."

He drew close quickly.

"Can't I help you?" he asked.

"Thanks," she said, "but it's done now."

He followed, frowning.

"HE STOOD IN HIS SHIRT-SLEEVES UNDER THE OAK, LOOKING AFTER HER."

"Tell me," he said at last, "speaking generally, d'you like a man who gives you gloves and things?"

"It depends," she said, all low.

"On the man?" he asked.

"And the glove," she said, and was walking slowly and more slow.

Again he came closer. His hands were behind him, and his eyes steady on the glory of her hair as she walked.

"May I give you a glove?" he asked—"a nice glove?"

She stopped, swung slowly round, and held out her hand. "Thanks," she said, "you might have given it me before," and she looked him in the eyes.

He folded his arms.

"I'd have given you a shopful," he said, "but I thought ——"

She stood with her hand out.

"My glove, please."

"What glove?"

"The glove my friend gave me."

He unfolded his arms, half angry, half amused.

"Take your bally friend's glove!" he said, and slashed it softly across her hand.

She took it.

"You mustn't call my brother names," she said.

"Bill!" he cried.

"Yes," she said, coldly surprised, "Bill, of course. What about him?"

"Only hang him!" he said.

She looked at him.

"I think you're not quite yourself this evening, Lord Montalan," she said and turned.

"I don't think I can be," he said, and snatched the glove from her hand.

Then he held it before his lips, as a man may hold a bunch of grapes, and kissed the finger-tips.

II.

SHE walked away rapidly.

The woods were falling to sleep now and to silence, and the last rays of the sun dappled her through the branches as she went.

Then his feet sounded beside her, and he was offering her the glove.

"I've quite done with it," he said; "thanks."

"So've I," she said; "thanks."

"Oh, thanks!" he said, and began to thrust it away in his breast-pocket.

She stopped abruptly, and held out a silent hand.

"Yes?" he asked.

"My glove," she said.

"I thought——"

"My glove," she said.

He gave it her. "You just said you had done with it," he remarked.

"So I have," she said, and flung it away.

It sped through shadow and sun-dapplings and fell upon the lower branches of an oak, and there hung.

She walked on her way, and behind her was suspicious silence.

She turned to see. He was off the path, and making toward the oak.

"Where are you going?" she called.

"To my tree," he replied.

"I forbid you!" she said.

He turned, aggrieved.

"To go to my tree?" he asked.

"To touch my glove," she said.

"I don't see why I should have your messes left about my trees," he said sourly.

"It's not a mess," she said.

"Anyway," he said, "I'm afraid it must be removed."

"I forbid you to touch it," she said, and turned away.

For a moment he stood, considering. Then he took from his pocket a little knife, very elegant, opened it, and cut a chip out of the trunk of the tree; then he took off his coat, and rolled up his sleeves, and set to work and cut another.

"What are you doing?" she cried, coming back to him.

He looked up.

"Cutting down my tree," he said. "Any objection?"

Rustling, she came down the path toward him.

"I want my glove," she said.

"And I want my tree," he said. "I want it for my drawing-room," and set to work with his knife.

She left the path and came toward him swiftly.

"I forbid you!" she cried.

He turned from his work and saw her coming.

"And I forbid you!" he said, and placed himself between her and the tree.

She stopped.

"I don't understand," she said.

"I must refer you to that board," he said, ever courteous.

She looked, and it read a warning to trespassers.

"Fiddle!" she said, and came on.

He barred the way.

"I mean it," he said.

"Then you must prosecute me," she said, "or assault me," and she came on.

"I shall do neither," he said, and reached for the glove overhead.

"You mayn't!" she cried. "I've forbidden you."

"I must," he said. "I've forbidden you."

"That's rubbish," she said, and came on.

"As you like," he said, and reached up.

She stopped; and he ceased to strain, and stood in his shirt-sleeves waiting.

"Give me my glove!" she ordered, and added "please" reluctantly.

"I'd love to," he said, "but you see I've promised not to touch it."

"I'll forgive you your promise," she said.

"Thanks," he said, "but I could never forgive myself."

"Then you must let me come and take it," she said.

"I'd love to," he said, "but you see I've forbidden you, and I can't go back on myself."

"A month ago you gave me leave to go anywhere—anywhere I liked," she cried.

"I know," he admitted, "but I've seen reason to withdraw that."

"I thought you wouldn't go back on yourself," she scoffed.

"Nor can I," he said, "without good reason."

"What's your good reason?" she asked.

"I'd rather not give it," he said tactfully.

"I insist!" she cried.

"Oh, very well," he said. "You may go anywhere you like except——"

"'YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THIS, I THINK,' HE SAID, AND HANDED HER THE GLOVE."

"Except——"

"Except at this season."

"What season?"

"The egg-stealing season," he said, and looked at her.

"D'you think—" she began.

"No," he said, "I don't think I'm going to give you the chance."

"I can wait," she said.

"I'm afraid I'll be some time," he said, and set to work with his knife manfully.

"It doesn't matter," she said, and sat on the stile; "I can stay all night."

"That's nice of you," he said. "Two's company where one's not, especially at night, don't you think?"

She got down and began to move away again.

"I can come to-morrow," she said.

"Do," he said, "you'll be sure to find me here."

She halted opposite him.

"I want my glove," she said.

He ceased from his chipping and turned to her.

"So do I," he said.

Then she went on her way.

He stood in his shirt-sleeves under the oak, looking after her.

"There is a way," he said, "by which you could have it without trespassing, Miss Brudenell."

She began to quicken her pace, and he began to follow.

"Of course there is," she said tartly, "if I choose to buy that land."

"You couldn't do that," he said, "because I'm not selling."

"Then there's no more to be said," she replied, walking ever faster.

"Oh, yes, there is," he said, following.

"Oh, no, there isn't," she said, fleeing. "The land belongs to you."

"It might belong to you," he said, "too, if you'd have it."

She was walking ever swifter.

"I don't accept presents of land," she said, "except in a flower-pot."

"It's a bit big for a flower-pot," he said, following.

"The tree, you mean?" fleeing.

"And the earth that would go with the tree."

"Ah," she panted, "a big tree like that goes with the earth round it because of the roots, doesn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "just as it stands."

She fled swiftly.

"It takes a good deal of earth, a tree like that, I daresay," she went on, "roots and all?"

"Fairish," he said; "about forty thousand acres."

"As much as that?" she said.

"And fixtures," he added.

"Fixtures?" she asked.

"Comprising," he pattered, "a nobleman's seat salubriously situated in a commodious and favorite home country; fine old associations recently restored by present owner; furnished regardless of cost; climate to order. Er—this desirable freehold residence, containing on the ground-floor twenty bed and dressing rooms, fish-pond, creamery, er——"

"Dear, dear!" she said.

"And I forget the rest," he said.

"Never mind," she said.

"All to be given away—" he continued.

"With one tree?" she asked.

"With me," he said.

He ceased to follow her, and stood in the path in his shirt-sleeves, and his face was grave.

"Now you can come and take your glove," he said, "or not, as you like, Miss Brudenell."

She walked on, slackening her pace. At the top of a rise in the path she paused and half-turned; and the dying sun was like a glory in her hair.

"Good-night," she said sadly, and turned again.

In the wood was silence, and the scent of evening primroses.

Then behind her was the sound of his feet, and then his voice quietly:

"One moment, Miss Brudenell."

She walked on, not swiftly now.

"You've forgotten this, I think," he said, and handed her the glove.

She turned and looked at him with quick eyes.

"You may keep it," she said, "if you care."

He folded it with strong and tender fingers.

"Thanks," he said, and thrust it away in his breast-pocket. "Good-night, again."

"Good-night," she said, "and thanks."

RAPHAEL.

PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

From a photograph by Brogi.

RAPHAEL.

By John La Farge.

HOWEVER desirous an artist may be of glorifying that type of artistic beatitude whom we call Raphael, he must needs hesitate. It is not only that he may have to analyze the movements of a mind that has floated easily through most of the spaces of art, marking its limits as if with the brush of a wing, but he has to make a picture of Success itself, of that Fortune which is so impenetrable that we are still pagans in our view, and unwilling to believe that it can be built, as the pagans themselves made out, of smaller and more visible powers.

The easy and successful life of Raphael of Urbino is so completely one with the effect of his work upon us that his very good for-

The next article in "The Great Artists" series, on Rembrandt, will appear in the April number.

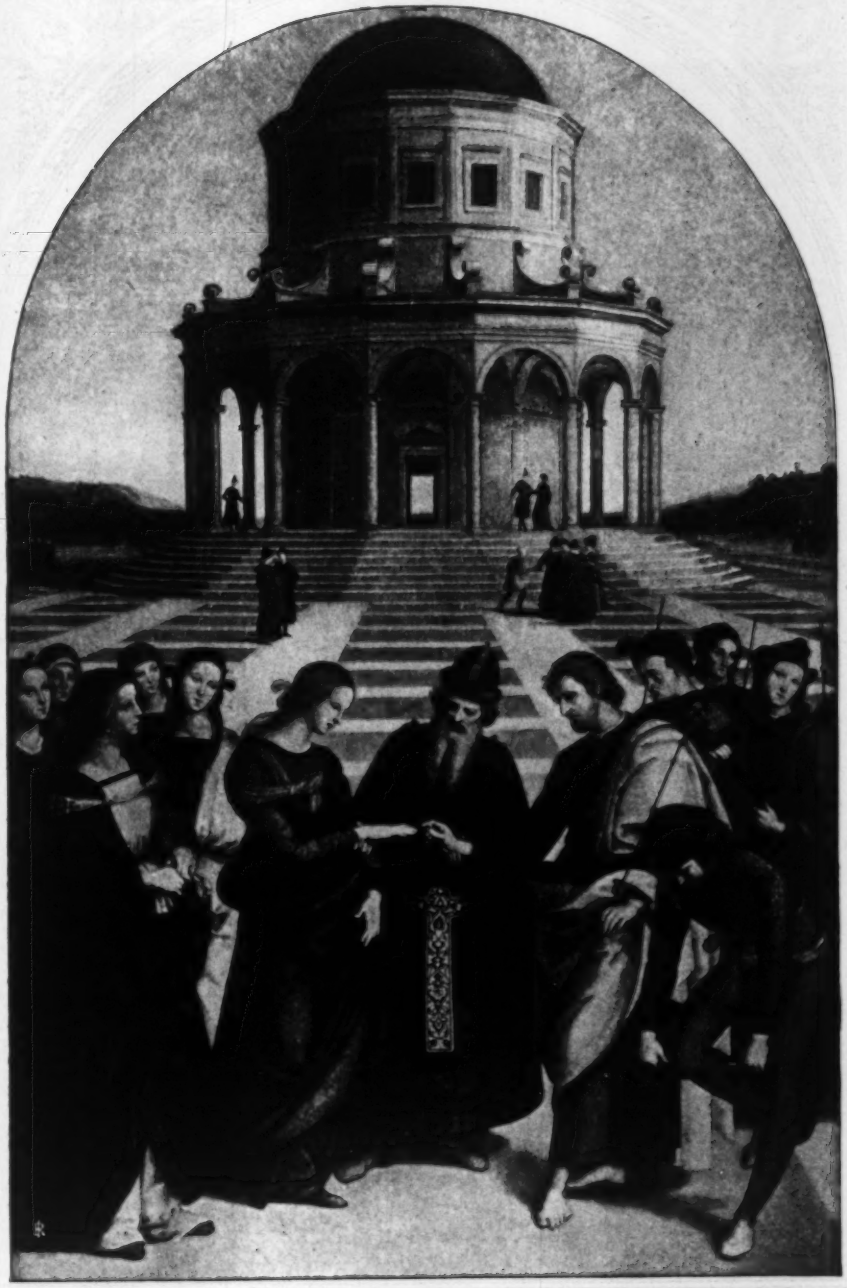
tune seems part of the means used by him. Every one knows something about him, every one has seen something by him. I have seen his Madonnas even in the huts of Cannibal Land. And to make this universal appreciation still more extraordinary, we have the strange fact that any cheap copy of some creation of his which appeals most distinctly to the feeling is sufficient to tell us: "Here is a separate creation, dependent upon something in it, so that its actual form may be insufficient, but its life persists far into the merest suggestion of what the original was." Such is the extraordinary life belonging to many of his invented people—a life such as belongs to some few statues of the Greeks. And yet in the originals we feel the slightest injury that time or the restorer has inflicted. Sometimes we even feel that they themselves are not so perfect—that they are deficient in the very quality that still is the essence of the work.

Perhaps a mere story of the man's short life—which again touches us, as determined by the foreordaining which abridges all that is most beautiful—will be a manner of getting closer to an understanding of how he came not to be but to flower.

He was born in a lovely country, ruled by princes liked of their people, and caring for them. The fortunes of his family had been broken by war, and his father had taken to the trade of the painter. For the position of the artist in the smaller places of Italy was not like that of the important persons who were changing the meaning of their profession in the great centers of Florence and of Rome. This was at Urbino in 1483. The father, Giovanni Santi, was literate; what we know of the mother is pleasantly connected with the fate of the son, if the little picture, painted by the elder Sanzio, a woman and child, is a portrait of these two. It is a mere fancy, but a pretty one, that the painter of the Madonna and the infant Christ should have been foreshadowed by this domestic fragment. Of this mother, the boy Raphael knew little; and his father married again and died when Raphael was still quite young; but he may have given him early lessons and transmitted certain tendencies of feeling to this extremely sensitive mind.

At fifteen perhaps, the boy went to Perugia, where there were artists and what we call schools; that is to say, apprenticeship in the workshop of painters. Pietro Vanucci, called Perugino, took him into his studio at the age of seventeen; perhaps he had had some instruction at Urbino from Timoteo Viti, who was always his friend. And the one great gift of Raphael, a power of almost instant assimilation, must have enriched him from the earliest times by whatever he liked or tried to understand. All this early life is entangled with the work of Perugino, though it is made out that some of the very early pieces accredited to the more famous youth have a something harking back to an earlier influence. Even these, however youthful and timid, whatever they may be as results of importance, possess the undefinable mark which is that of Raphael, and which passes analysis; it is perhaps even more distinctly visible than in the first important ones which he works out, either with his master or from his master's designs, or as a manner of duplicate, or of using a theme which the master has treated. For we are speaking of a period in the development of the practice of art whose features we have forgotten. In those days, as in the Japan of to-day, the work of the master was not only the example, but the model and the storehouse of the pupil. He borrowed this or that and filled in fragments; or he imitated fragments to put in his new scheme. And so every one borrowed—one from the other; it not being an injury, but a manner of admiration, and often a possible help when, as often happened, one artist called upon others to help him carry out his work. In some such way Pinturicchio, also of Perugia, called upon Raphael for help in his work at Sienna. [It seems also as if the youngster destined to be the more famous based some of his early work on the studies of Pinturicchio.]

Already Raphael had been asked to paint an important work, a "Coronation of the Virgin," for the altar of the Franciscan church in Perugia. The arrangement of the whole picture and types of figures are a manner of duplicate of his master; but there appears a something more intense, and a larger look which marks the beginning of another man. So in another painting, the "Marriage of the Virgin," there is but a duplication of the same story by Perugino. But another meaning has filled it all—made another choice and build of architecture, changed here and there, a little more and a little less of the details which were common property at that day. The whole has a charm of simplicity and grace, and, if I may say so, of conventionality which delights us to-day as if the idealistic presentation of a younger world. And one of the great qualities of

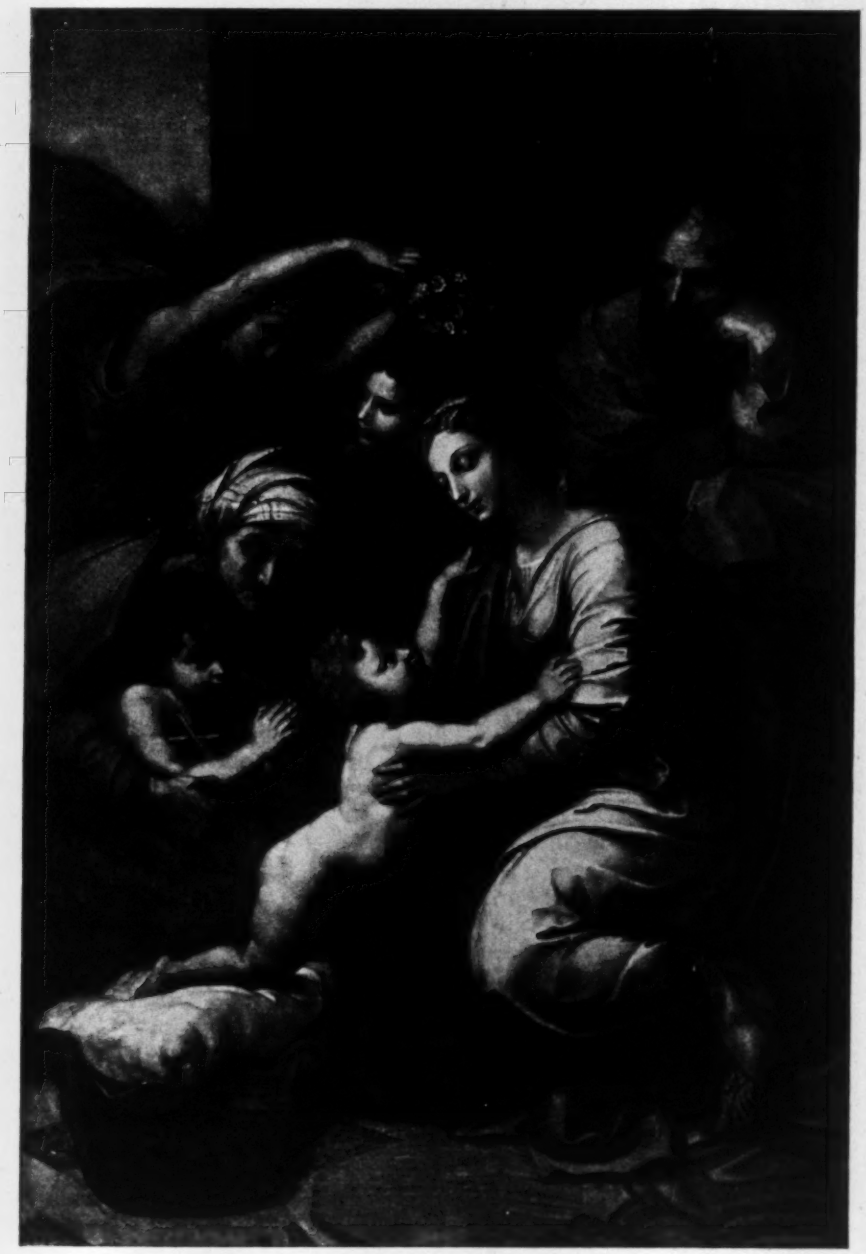


THE MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN.

BREVA GALLERY, MILAN.

From a photograph by Brogi.

his master and his companions remains attached to it; the notion of the picture being a place; a place set apart, a space within a space. So that the lines that make it, the gradations that fill it, are complete and do not suggest any extension outside the borders of the scene. It is an undefinable feeling, and yet a tradition belonging to many of



THE "LARGE" HOLY FAMILY.

LOUVRE, PARIS.

From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

these men in common; and it connects with what develops further and further, until we see the make of the *picture* later, in such building of light and shade as we know in Rembrandt. This subtle quality is not such

MADONNA OF THE TEMPI FAMILY.

MUNICH GALLERY.

From a photograph by Franz Hanfstaengel.

a one as makes merely a pleasant arrangement; it is as if the eye wished to see no further—as if seeing outside of the edge would disturb one's pleasure; later, in the single figures and portraits of Raphael, we shall feel this assertion of the *picture;* where his portrait ends, wherever the figure is cut, that is sufficient—we do not care for the part of it not represented—it never occurs to us to think of it.

It was, therefore, with no small powers, original and acquired, that, after having worked at Sienna, the young Raphael came up to Florence in 1504 with recommendation of the Duchess of Urbino to the Gonfaloniere. There he found Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo designing the famous cartoons, now lost, which were among their greatest achievements, and which affected permanently the entire discipline of Italian and European art. Both these men he must have studied to some extent, as he also studied the earlier painters whose works were on the walls of the churches. Indeed, their memory lasted to that extent that Raphael, long after, merely transposed one of the great figures of Masaccio into his design

of Paul preaching at Athens. The gentle youth formed a friendship with the Monk Fra Bartholommeo, himself a serious student and a painter, though only from obedience. Once upon a time he had given up art and entered the cloister, and had burned publicly the pagan works of his youth in the great bonfire which the Puritans of Savonarola's preaching built in horror of the excesses of art and luxury. There was an interchange of knowledge between these two men; and in this beautiful companionship, and in the absorption of the influences of Florence, which were to determine the future, Raphael began to form the style by which we know him best. He has said himself that he paid attention to everything. It must also be said that he made all his own, that it was rather a renewal of himself than an accumulation of knowledge which defines this continuous increase in the wealth of his resources. Therein he differs absolutely from imitators: either those who need to have a staff to lean on, or those who try to find a sure method of approval by themselves and others in the reference to a standard of something already done. That is not the imitation of Raphael; and never does he seem more original than in the ideas that he borrows. He seems to show to what further use the concealed life of the thing he admires can be turned. So Michelangelo, when he merely intends to copy the early Giotto, fills with his enormous knowledge of the figure the beautiful folds of the garments he is transcribing. For centuries Raphael has influenced others and told them secrets which they did not understand. His imitators have never perceived that he had been set apart and had received a divine commission, proven from the first moment at which, in his first imitations, he infused into manners that he found already made the undefinable charm that we know by the name of Raphael.

MADONNA OF THE CHAIR.

PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE.

From a photograph by Anderson.

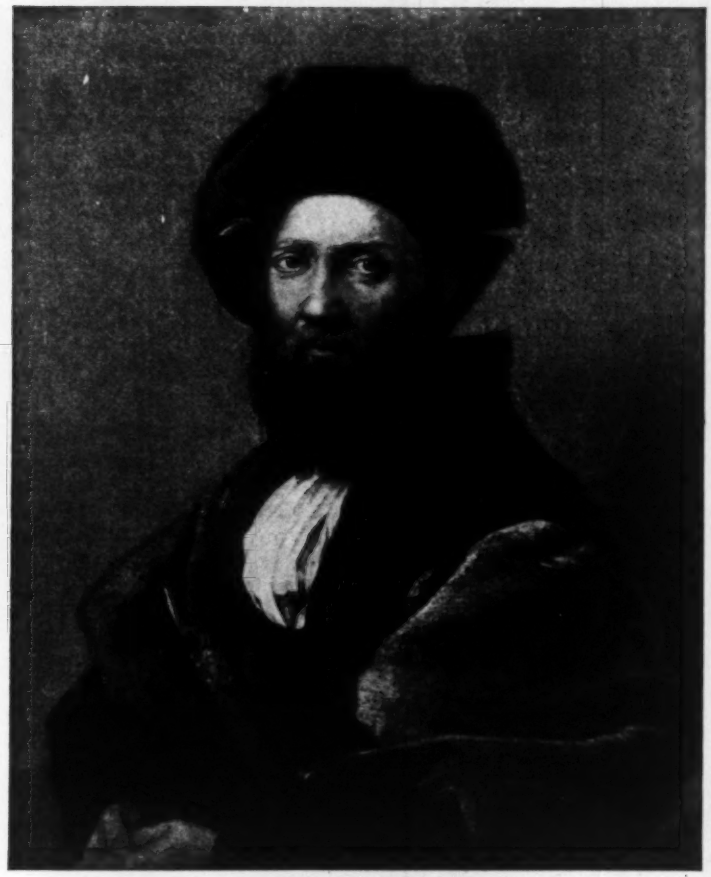
Certainly the earlier paintings of Mother and Child, which are still further back than those of the Madonna cycle painted in Florence, have the purity and the sweetness which the world knows. But during those four years in Florence he painted a series of poems in honor of the Blessed Mother and her Child, in which he unfolded the bud to the full bloom of a perfect flower. His story, like that of Michelangelo, is that of a series of wonders—and that these few years should have been sufficient for the production of so much perfection is one of those wonders. In these Madonnas, known to all the world, repeated, copied, imitated in succeeding centuries, the young Raphael builds a form to which he may add, but upon which only in one immortal achievement can he improve. Early or late, the picture embodies an ideal of sculpture: a certain pose contained within a certain shape—not a mere outline, but a mass of which we see one contour at a time. And in his painting, as we said above, he realized again a sculpture ideal, of one wishing to see no more than what we do, no more to either side or above or below.

It seems but natural that the great Pope Julius should then call him to his service in Rome. Behind the poetry of the call remains the prose that the men of Florence had all the work they could do, and that a band of men from his native Urbino were then in Rome around the Pope belonging to that great house. That influence always remained with him; as it opposed Michelangelo, the Florentine, even to the end of Michelangelo's troubles with the great tomb, whose control remained in the hands of the dukes of Urbino. But Raphael, as usual, gave more than he took. The support that he received was returned a hundredfold by the prestige that he soon threw over all his friends and admirers. We feel it to-

MADONNA AND CHILD (SISTINE MADONNA).

A FRAGMENT OF THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN.

From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.



BALTHASAR CASTIGLIONE.

LOUVRE, PARIS.

From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

day; what must it have been during the life of a youth whose gracious manners and presence made him welcome to all? The sweetness and elevation of mind which made him a friend of the distinguished in all lines, the beauty of his face, and even his love for women, have added to the attraction of his works in the imagination of his time, as in that of the present; and his early death inclosed him within a definition of youth and splendor that has made him, as it were, the representative of his own art. Under the benevolence of his new patron, his art developed in every direction; he begins the great wall paintings of the Vatican, which are the full bloom of decorative art; he paints portraits which remain as surely among the most prodigious representations of realistic study. Even in the few painted in Florence we feel the uncompromising perception of the individual. Their methods may be undeveloped, but are faithful to the essential difference of the portrait as having its own mode of life. They are few in number, but they testify to a prodigious sincerity and a power of suggesting some intimate life behind that of the external one. The means by which he attains this are as mysterious as the causes of the grace and nobility of his great show-pieces.

Raphael painted the mighty Pope whose name is associated with his and with Michael's. In the portrait we see the aged man burdened by a life of affairs: we

are in the presence of an energy and concentration inclosed within a certain dreaminess that tell us what the man may be when called into the action of will or duty. In the great fresco there is but one impression —it is the Pope. The face has the character of both the man and the office.

But before he came to this one of the later frescoes, Raphael had painted in the other chamber the much more famous subjects which are known by the ultra-conventional names of "the Dispute" and "the School of Athens"—late names such as are tacked on for convenience, but which often throw us off from the real intention, which perhaps cannot be shut up in a single word.

The processes of description are tedious and useless, except in so far as they may draw one's attention to some general principles, or some particular points, whose statement may bring us nearer to a state of mind in harmony with the thing we look at. The merest print or photograph is more useful. Still, let us say that there is a great meaning in each of these pictures—a meaning suggested perhaps to Raphael, or perhaps of his own finding. It matters not; for the meaning in art has to pass through the life of the maker. In the so-called "Disputa" we see the dream of a heaven opened, and Christ and God's law and the life of another world, typified by grave and solemn beautiful human figures, seated far up beyond the clouds in a great dome that looks like the heavens. All these figures mean something, and they can be called by the names known to Christian faith: Mary, John, Adam, and Moses, and Paul, and Peter, and others nearer to us; and they have by them angels, lovely companions floating above them in beautiful clouds, with wings and clothing to tell us what they are. But what they are to us is, that they are beautiful, and solemn, and majestic, and happy, and living some life like our own, but full of peace. Below on earth, solemn and splendid but anxious figures feel this presence and ask for a union with it. Popes, bishops, philosophers, thinkers of all kinds, stand or move with that common intention. They are all absorbed in the all-powerful, wished-for truth. Some few or a great many perceive in the divine mysteries of the Church, in the Eucharistic Offering, the solution, the joining of earth and heaven. All this is represented as a vast dream. Thus much for the claims of Religion. The claims of Pure Thought, of the pursuit of Truth in Science, are typified on the opposite wall. In an earthly palace, one of the finest dreams of the Renaissance, are placed here and there as if in usual customary visit, representatives of what the age called the Seven Liberal Arts. Archimedes, Zoroaster, Ptolemy, Alcibiades, Socrates, Aspasia, Diogenes, move about in the great light hall, through whose corridors advance toward us, surrounded and welcomed by illustrious thinkers, the representatives of two great paths of thought: two names most important to the men of that day—Plato and Aristotle. A wonderful life fills all these figures, individually perhaps not more powerful than that of many a weaker work; but altogether, as even the little photographs show, the flow of the crowd is not merely owing to the ingenious subtlety of the composition, nor to the beautiful arrangement of lines. All these things help—there is nothing wasted: the movements and gestures are increased and made more correct, apparently, by these subtleties, but there is still the imponderable quality that makes the real life of a dream. Nothing is dependent on real exactness of attitude or of drawing. Hence, when others have tried, upon supposed lessons deduced from these great examples, they have failed. The formula becomes the formula of the theater. That beautiful architecture which is a necessity for Raphael, as giving the meaning of the cloistered serenity of thought, becomes with imitation the arrangement of the wings of a stage. The point would lead us too far, and yet it is the one important clew to what makes the so-called monumental or historical art of to-day vary little from a theatrical setting; a thing we applaud because we see how well the stage has been set, but rarely do we feel as if a veil had been lifted and we beheld a scene existing apart from us and outside of the present movement. But it has always been so, unfortunately, and the means of great artists either in form or sound have been looked upon as laws, or as the aim of their works. While, on the contrary, each real man, whether he be as great as Raphael or small as one of the lesser Dutch painters, has made his own laws and built the structure in which he lives.

This was not all the work that Raphael took upon himself. Besides these great decorations to please the pride of place of the great Pope, and to appease that hunger for the beautiful which filled the ruler's mind in common with the greater spirits of Italy, the habit of Raphael and of the other men about him was to take all that came

along, sometimes beginning to carry out some piece with their own hand, but usually accepting everything as mere work, for which some one head was responsible. That had been the way before them, just as it might be in building, and they did not move out of the habits of their craft. The amount of manual labor carried out by Raphael himself that we know of is formidable. What he did with his assistants remains as the largest undertaking known to the art of the painter. We must remember that these men who helped him were not only pupils or ordinary assistants, but men of distinguished talents famous to this day, many of whom he had known before, many of whom were older and more experienced than himself. But the habit of the day was to do work in common, and Raphael more than any other leader known exercised the same power of harmonious combination with his assistants that we feel in his paintings. To those who see these great pictures in the buildings, the fact of many hands having carried them out is but too evident. Traditionally some of them have been consummated from mere sketches and indications. It may be partly true, but it must be remembered that they were the sketches and indications of one of the most adjustable minds ever known, and that the point of view of that day was the moral one—lost by us—that the result was everything and that the aim was the work itself, and not who did this or that part. It is to the changes of the past century that we owe the departure from that holy and only true ideal. We see many of these great frescoes in lesser beauty than might be theirs, if their texture could possibly have been that of Raphael's own hand. Once or twice in the later ones this is traditionally so, and in the "Mass of Bolsena" we see only the hand of Raphael—and that hand moving with an ease and certainty that seem like a prediction of the great executants who were to come. That other portrait of Pope Julius kneeling impassibly at the altar where the miracle occurs, not as having been really there, but as representing the faith of the Church, is painted with the apparent velocity and ease which we credit to such a man as Velasquez. The whole picture foreshadows the realism of a later day, while it connects with the naïve representation of the previous century. One feels what we might have had if the choice had been to have Raphael alone put his mark on the wall. It is fitting that with such majestic representation the life in art of the great Pope should close. After him came Leo, less great, certainly less noble, but more distinctly fond of the pleasures of art. That charm which satisfied the sterner Pope was more than sufficient to make the self-indulgent Medicean favor Raphael and his cohort of friends and dependents, just as the independent standing of Michelangelo displeased him, though Julius had found in it the key of his own character. Leo then displaces Julius in the great frescoes, where he symbolizes the papacy present in his person at the events more or less historical which the brush of Raphael or his assistants placed upon the walls. And, again, Raphael paints the portraits of the new Pope with that same perception that we recognize in the portrait of Julius. He paints with great care and finish on the canvas as he paints with great ease and synthesis on the wall, and we see the character of another important man, the character of the intelligent, self-indulgent heir of wealthy bankers and rulers, with no attempt at showing a deeper, inner life, for now the heroic days were over. Raphael had passed imperturbably through the stress of the previous days of war and crime and intellectual and religious tumult. Still more beautifully he floated with the new current, in which new fortunes asserted themselves in the public eye. Great moneyed men were now in the front, and in a day which preëminently recognized achievement in every direction it seemed but fitting that their position should receive the adornment of cultured art. Naturally, again, the name of Raphael becomes associated with that of the great banker Chigi, and, for him and for others, adorns or presides over the decorations of palaces. What we to-day call the Farnesina is another of the buildings which Raphael marks with his name. Most of what we see is not his own handiwork. No mere man could have carried this out with the very many other decorations and special paintings he had undertaken. So that these buildings are translated into the language of his assistants. Even then they seem finer dreams of that classical antiquity which was beginning to be dug out from the ruins of Rome. One of the many sides of Raphael was a passionate love for the discovery and resuscitation of the ancient Rome, carried so far as to make him hope that he might bring back the City to something like its former shape and splendor. Partly from this love, and partly because he was asked to build also, he followed with devotion the unearthing of

the precious ruins. To his eyes, the most sensitive of all eyes to just that form of beauty, many works of the past appeared for the first time from the accumulated earth of ages. It is due to this, perhaps, that he was carried off by an attack of the fever so often arising from such excavations. Meanwhile, however, he not only placed before the eyes of the world the remains of classical antiquity, but in his usual way he gave to that antiquity a new form, so much more adapted to our comprehension that we still see the antique through the lovely vision by which he expressed it. It became with him a means of expression. He not only dressed Greek fable and story in his own shape, opening to the common mind what before was the privilege of a few, but he dressed in its way and manners the ancient Bible and the whole Christian story. None of us have been freed from this view of the Jewish and Christian past as he made it out. The scenes of the Old Testament and those of the New are still in our minds tinged with the classical feeling—semi-pagan—which Raphael chose to clothe them in.

I say semi-pagan, to fall in a little with conventional arrangements of thought. The necessary weakness of our grasp of ideas obliges us to catalogue and divide things that really melt one into the other. Of course paganism—that is to say, the habits of the world before Christianity, in the civilization of Greece and Rome—melted into and affected the New Dispensation. Even the forms of the Church are indissolubly connected with those of a pagan era: as the words of new thought are those of a previous one, as the forms of Greek art were used at once for Christian types. On this

THE WOMAN WITH THE VEIL.

PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE.

From a photograph by Brogi.

firm foundation is based the naturalness of Raphael's success. He seems to have moved in this new manner as if almost for the first time he had freed the genius of himself and of his race, in a country where these ancient influences had persisted through ages of obscure feeling. What he now placed before his nation must have appealed to the deepest fibers of heredity. Again we see in these imitations of fresh-discovered beauty Raphael's power of adornment of a new love. Most of the antiques which he uncovered are inferior in their own spirit, if one may so say, to that spirit which he discovered in

THE VISION OF EZEKIEL.

PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE.

From a photograph by Brogi.

them. The ornamental decorations which he uncovered in ancient ruins are only in a very few exceptional cases as rich, and largely understood, as the imitations which he or even his disciples made out from the original. It has happened with him as has happened with Virgil. We have seen so much of them or of imitations of them that they occasionally appear conventional, because we do not realize that there was once a time when there was nothing behind them. As the words of Virgil become mere commonplace quotations, so the gestures and arrangements of Raphael have grown to be the commonplace of expression. It is so with all things that are to pass into the public domain. All the more must we feel the extraordinary place which they hold in the making of civilization. In only one direction do we feel that the harmonious charm of Raphael could not absorb the important beauty that he admired. The Sibyls, which he painted under the blow of Michelangelo's great figures, have no kin with them. They are graceful and beautiful, but they have not that story to tell which defines the movements and the build of the prophetic beings created by the Master of the Sistine Chapel. Raphael's prophecy was another one. There are limits to the powers of genius. The shape which it takes has its own laws. And yet when reinformed by the admiration of the antique, Raphael's genius is apt to give us such a dream as that of "The Vision of Ezechiel," which in its smallest of sizes seems as important as might have been the colossal statues of Jove himself. At this moment, perhaps, he may have painted in another mood the Sistine Madonna, another vision in which for the last time perhaps he glorified that Mother and Child who had his very earliest love and preoccupation. The days of his personal work were drawing to a close. After 1517 his personal sharing in the work done is small. None the less the amount of work which he directed or prepared or retouched continued increasing. In 1519 the paintings of Chigi and of the Vatican were not yet finished. Daily, however, he was asked to undertake new work, to draw cartoons for frescoes, or designs for ornaments, or for dies for coinage. Foreign princes asked their ambassadors for pictures from him. The envoys found the Master unable to satisfy them, though he accepted, and pretended to believe that he might carry out the orders. He lived in state, surrounded by pupils and assistants, entertaining them, or friends, and beginning to feel for the first time the pressure of his gigantic work. He was giving designs for architecture in which the serenity of his paintings is visible. He attended to the excavation of ancient Rome. He accepted the position of architect of the new St. Peter's, obtaining with his usual good fortune the help of a learned assistant who could be at the same time his teacher, the celebrated Dominican Fra Giocondo of Verona, and was having translated for him Vitruvius, in whose pages the men of that day hoped to find the secret of all ancient architectural art. This he explains in one of his few letters to his uncle, the brother of his mother, at home in Urbino. He tells how he was staying at Rome, "as he shall never be able to stay anywhere else again, out of love of the building of St. Peter's. For what spot on earth is more dignified than Rome? What enterprise is more dignified than St. Peter's —the first temple of the world, and the greatest piece of building that has ever been seen?" He tells his uncle how well satisfied he is, how he holds property in Rome, and an income, and a salary from St. Peter's, never to fail so long as he lives, and that he has more work for very large sums, and finally that Cardinal Bibbiena, his friend and patron, wishes him to marry a niece, and that he is engaged to her, and therefore that he is doing credit to his family, and to the lords of his native Urbino, to whom he sends homage. This position of security and of continual work is his, according to the letter dated 1514. He had six more years to live. Some of the work that we have recalled, and some of the paintings by which we know him best, are painted in this last interval of continued stress of production or superintendence. Perhaps the very last work shows not fatigue, but that strange settling down into a given form which indicates for an artist the closing of a period. It is difficult for us to imagine what might have been the next great opening into some new field of perception. However noble some of the later work, a certain heaviness indicates perhaps the moment when the young man has definitely passed into a turn of mind that belongs to middle age. At least I who write feel that something has changed in him when he paints with his own hand, leaving it somewhat unfinished, the last great picture of "The Transfiguration." There is no loss of power. Indeed, the sense of mastery is as great as that expressed in his most energetic works. It is only, perhaps, that the suggestion of attainment

seems to close the vista of a future. That future was to be closed forever for this world on Good Friday of that year (1520), and his body lay in state before the unfinished picture. The cord had been stretched too far, and had snapped. The longest life of any artist had not produced as much as this short career of thirty-seven years—a course accomplished without failure and in so far happier perhaps than a longer one with a possible decline. All the more bright seems this young rounded life. All the more do we think of a Raphael perpetually young. Italy felt his death: with him had departed the serenity and sweetness of the classical revival. His is the typical representation of a fortunate life of the artist. To us it seems as if he was the child of good fortune. We have seen how innocently he expressed his own recognition of success, how little stress he laid upon his glory and his importance. One might believe that he had no moments of doubt or of bitterness, and yet on the margin of one of his drawings remain the verses, a record of what happened within him:

"How comes it that such a little thing annoys thy soul, that it devours thy heart! Great mayst thou be, but not in thy power of will; For jealousies of thee all now are past. Be thou of stone and have no further pain."

Within the mystery of the soul we therefore only see a little distance; nor can I, in this attempt at describing one of the most glorious and successful of lives, do more than record outside appearances.

CLEVELAND.

By William Allen White,

Author of "Bryan," "Croker," "Roosevelt," etc.

GROVER CLEVELAND'S father was graduated from Yale in the early part of the last century, and became a Presbyterian minister. In 1837 he was stationed at Caldwell, Essex County, New Jersey, and there a son was born to him, christened Stephen Grover, for the minister who had preceded the Rev. Richard Cleveland in the Caldwell pastorage. The baby's grandfather was William Cleveland, a Connecticut watchmaker and silversmith, and the Clevelands were and are sturdy, honest, hard-working people. The baby's mother was Ann Neal, the daughter of an Irish bookseller and a German Quakeress. With Yankee, Dutch, and Irish blood in him, young Stephen Grover may be said to have had all the advantages of a liberal ancestry in forming his character and career. In 1853, after the boy Grover had fought his way into the respect of the schoolboys at Fayetteville and Clinton in New York State, the family moved to Hollandpatent, where the father died, leaving the mother, Ann Neal Cleveland, with nine children to support. Grover was the fifth child. His school teacher has described him as at that time a large, apple-cheeked boy, who paid enough attention to his books to keep up with the boys of his age, an out-of-doors boy who fished and swam, and trapped and hunted, and skated and lived on Limestone Creek as many hours a day as he could. Yet he came from a home where there were books, and he was always familiar with the things that attract cultivated people. These things he acquired by unconscious absorption; he was essentially masculine—lusty, ruddy, full-blooded, close-knit, big-boned, and as virile as a young bull. He did not differ from other boys of his town save in one thing—he always had a job. He clerked in a store for a time, and when his father died he went with his elder brother to New York City, and found work as teacher in an institution for the blind. When he was eighteen he borrowed twenty-five dollars from a family friend and set out for Cleveland, Ohio. He was attracted by the name of the town, and hoped to get a place there in some attorney's office. On his way to Cleveland he stopped to visit an uncle in Buffalo. The uncle was rich—for those days. He owned a fancy stock farm on an island in the Niagara River, and as he was compiling a Short-Horn Herd Book, he hired young Grover to help with the book, and the trip to Cleveland was abandoned. The uncle was a man of parts and consequence in Buffalo, and he put his nephew into one of the best law offices in the town. The youth was admitted to the bar in 1859, and four years later, when he was twenty-four years old, he was made assistant district attorney of the county. The six formative years of his

young manhood were spent in a city of one hundred thousand people, where he met men and women of force and character and attainment at his uncle's home and in the daily routine of his work in court. The best homes in Buffalo were open to him, but he could not be called a social butterfly. Indeed, if he owned a dress suit before he went to Albany as governor, no one ever saw him wear it. He chose to live a man's life. He devoted his leisure hours to hunting and fishing, and was a familiar figure on the Niagara River in his fishing-boat. As soon as he could afford it, Cleveland left his uncle's home, and moved his traps to a bedroom over his law office. In those days he was a tall, burly, hard-faced, soft-voiced, but quick-spoken fellow, hard-headed, hard-living, hard-working, close-fisted, honest, sturdy, manly. He had the young animal's desire to drink and to eat well. When he loafed, he loafed with men, in clubs, and in the resorts and haunts of the young bachelors of the city. A man is said to be no stronger than his stomach, and Cleveland's stomach was as hard as his head and his face and his hand. Whatever he put in his stomach by night did not trouble him by day, but he never lost an opportunity to make the most of himself.

LAWYER, MAYOR, AND GOVERNOR.

In the law he was a plodder. He won his cases by digging, not by inspiration. As assistant district attorney he became a good trial lawyer, but he was never an orator. He was a good talker, because he knew his case. He impressed a jury with his passionate sincerity. The Irish in him led him into politics. He was nominated and defeated for district attorney, but he was prominent enough in the party organization to be one of the men consulted when any action was taken by his party in Erie County. In 1866 he became the head of the County Central Committee. Politics came to him as a duty of citizenship; the law was his occupation. He recognized the wisdom of saving, and started a bank account. Because it would help his bank account and keep him around the courts and in the atmosphere of the law, also because he was in politics deeply enough so that it came his way without much effort, Cleveland took a nomination for sheriff on the Democratic ticket and was elected. That was in 1870. When he came out of office, in 1874, he entered as a partner one of the most important law firms in northern New York. He was then a man formed, thirty-seven years old; unconsciously, unimaginatively brave; with an ox-like honesty, and with a great, hulking body which furnished unlimited power for a tireless brain lusting for work. This was the Cleveland who was a notable lawyer in his town, in his county, in his State. He made money, and he saved some of it, though he was cultivating an able-bodied man's love of good living. He was convivial on occasion, and at times he softened enough to be called sociable, and many men about town thought they knew him because he loafed with them when he wanted to loaf, and because in living his own life as he pleased to live it he met them and was merry with them on his way. But these men deceived themselves, for he was always apart from them; they were creatures of the play which amused him, but his real life they did not touch. He lived without romance, without sentiment; with few friends, but close ones; and save these few, all his relations with men and women in the world about him were business-like and commonplace transactions. He was straightforward, trustworthy, true. Probably he never wilfully deceived a human being in his life. But he deserves no special credit, for, with his heavy mental and moral equipment, deception is a jugglery he would hardly be tempted to try. Cleveland might throw the hammer or put the shot, but he could never work a shell-game on man or woman.

Cleveland lived and waxed strong for nine years. He knew no master save an indomitable will, and his only guide was a conscience balanced on common sense and that sum of ancestral wisdom in action called integrity. His mind was not brilliant, nor his conscience poised on a knife edge; his life moved in a powerful current because it went simply and directly. He was full of the work in hand—stuffed full—mind and body and soul. His capacity for work was expanding, and his appetite grew with his increasing capacity. When there came a joy in working, he was branded for a life of toil. After he reached that point it mattered little what the work was; he did what his hand found, and had small choice.

While Cleveland was growing in power, the people of the country were passing into an epoch of mental and political unrest. The desire of men for a change is savage and unreasoning, but it is as strong as the force of a tide. The Republican party had been in power for sixteen years when the national impatience broke forth in the popu-

lar majority for Tilden. Hancock could not call the spirits from the vasty deep, but they were there nevertheless. After the defeat of Hancock and the unmistakable evidences of misgovernment which came to the surface in the campaign of that year and of the years following, after the faction fighting in New York and Pennsylvania had revealed the corruption there, and exposures of political villainy in the Star Route scandal and in other flagrant abuses of the public trust were startling the taxpayers all over the land, the people still impotent in their wrath were milling like a frenzied herd. The political air was charged with the electricity of protest. It needed only to gather into cyclonic form to become resistless. In 1882, while this storm was brewing, Cleveland was elected mayor of Buffalo by an unprecedented Democratic majority. The man was not magnetic in himself, yet he became a magnet which drew men to his cause.

As mayor of Buffalo he was a working machine, moved by an iron will, automatically following a conscience. He went at the work in the mayor's office as a new railroad manager goes at his, to clean out the dead timber and to give the stockholders the worth of their money. He had no paper ideals, no municipal schemes, no sort of policy to try on the city. He took the work as it came through his office every day, and measured it by one rule—to give a dollar's worth of value to the people for every dollar's worth of taxes spent. Every scrap of municipal business which wouldn't fit that rule he cast aside. His vetoes made him famous all over New York State. He was plain-spoken. If he thought a proposition was a steal he said so, and he used short words. A robber was a robber, a thief a thief, and a sneak and a liar and a cheat wore no titles in the bright lexicon of Cleveland's veto messages. Naturally the people were pleased. Nothing wearies the flesh of the taxpayers so quickly as to find their servants putting in valuable time arranging rhetorical feather-beds for scoundrels to fall into. Also the people were tired of statesmen eternally saving the country with their vote-getting plans of salvation. What the people desired with a furious passion was a vigorous, uncompromising man without any plans, who would save the State from its statesmen. The times cried out for an obstructionist and young Grover Cleveland. And six months after he became mayor of Buffalo the Democratic party of his State whirled around him in a cyclone of enthusiasm and made him governor of New York. This enthusiasm the real man Cleveland could no more inspire than he could flit from flower to flower. Yet the people of his State, who had never seen him, who knew nothing of his personality, made governor of New York an ideal creature of their own conjuring who bore Grover Cleveland's name. But the real Cleveland went to Albany with almost no acquaintance with public men, without familiarity with the affairs of the State, with no constructive plan for running his administration, and with no known capacity for the work before him. The only attribute common to the ideal Cleveland whom the people chose, and to the real Cleveland who took the office in 1883, was honesty—plain, unswerving honesty. But he was swept onward by the tidal power that was moving in the protesting hearts of the people. He became a man of destiny because he embodied the destiny of the people, the spirit of the times. He did not make the wave, he rose with it. The revolt against Republican rule was brutal, unplanned—a barbaric yawp of disgust. Cleveland was that revolt in flesh and blood. He sat at his desk twelve or fourteen hours a day, a big man, rather logy in person, with a heavy German jaw, a nose with fight in it, a broad forehead, under which peered two pale blue, guileless, inquiring eyes, like embers in a banked fire. He did not look the part of a statesman, hardly that of governor. And when he took up the day's business, he did not try to direct or manage it. He took it as it came, and when there was a piece of work unfit, he threw it out without any manifestation of emotion, whether it was a party caucus measure or a private bill. Day after day and month after month Grover Cleveland sat at his desk at Albany, measuring the work, selecting the good, rejecting the bad. At the end of the legislative session his veto pile was astonishingly large, and a number of gentlemen engaged in the gentle art of public larceny were amazingly mad. But the blue eyes of the big man at the desk did not bat under their sluggish lids; the heavy, muscular hand went scratching away at its work; and the people did not know when it was time to cheer, for he gave them no sign. He worked this way for two years, with no sense of scenic effect, stage business, or curtain time. Occasionally he did a great thing, but he did it without any relation to anything else, and merely because it was part of the day's work. It was without climax, and sometimes passed without applause.

THE CANDIDATE OF A PARTY OF REVOLT.

But it was all honest, and all true, and all brave in a perfectly impersonal sort of way, as a rock in a fortress is brave because it cannot realize danger nor avoid it. This spectacle was most remarkable in American political life. Nothing like it had ever been seen before. For two years, as governor of New York, Grover Cleveland stood the one strong, looming figure in the nation. The Democratic party was chiefly chattering daws, and the Republicans were under the leadership of the brilliant, vacillating Blaine, whom they idolized. But the soul of the people was sick of politics, and was nauseated at all politicians. Cyclonic conditions prevailed everywhere. The electric spirit of protest against things as they were was so thick, that sparks of profanity snapped from the conversation of mild-mannered men at the slightest irritation, and Cleveland had gathered the electricity of discontent from a wide area. When the tornado broke in the campaign and election of 1884, it took up Grover Cleveland, the Democratic candidate for President, and hurled him into the White House.

When he landed in Washington—the second time in his life he had ever been in the town—he was literally an unknown knight. He might have passed undisguised through the inauguration throng, and not a citizen in a hundred would have known him. The man was so utterly without vanity that he had never been "the subject of this sketch" in the local biographical annals of Buffalo. Not a speech, hardly a scrap of all the writing he had done until he entered the gubernatorial office, was available for the newspaper writers of the time. There were no anecdotes about him to illuminate his character. He had lived a life as prosaic as an index to an auditor's report. In the campaign against Mr. Blaine, preceding the presidential election, the only story told on Cleveland was an impossible scandal, which he did not take the pains to deny, but, instead, assumed a somewhat disinterested judicial attitude, and advised the scandal mongers to tell the truth. After that the story lost its point, and was, perhaps, the only slander in American public life which ever died of neglect in the house of its friends.

It was a fair day in Washington, in March, 1885, when Grover Cleveland first took the oath of office as President of the United States, after riding from the White House to the Capitol through the largest crowd he had ever seen in his life. When he ascended the platform to make his inaugural address, he was the center of curiosity for the civilized world. Not five hundred people in the thousands who stood before him had ever heard his voice. He was so new a quantity that not fifty men in the world could have guessed what position he would take on any pending problem, nor whether or not he would straddle all the fences of equivocation running through the domain of current political and social economy. As he emerged from the little group that surrounded him, and stepped forward to deliver his address, public men with long years of experience behind them were dumbfounded to see him move deliberately to the rail, survey the multitude without a quiver of excitement, and in a calm, strong voice begin his address, without a manuscript, without a note, never faltering for a word, never stumbling at a phrase, continuing unaided to the end of his 8,000-word speech, without a tremor in his voice or a perceptible evidence in his manner that he was doing anything more important than addressing a jury in a court at Buffalo. No other President of the United States had ever displayed such unnecessary daring before, and none may do it again for a hundred years. But when it was done, men who knew human nature saw that there was a being in the President's chair who was color blind to fear. Yet Cleveland did not give this exhibition of his nerve to confound the spectators. He did not know he was doing anything unusual. It pleased him to deliver his address without note or manuscript, and he did as he pleased. If it had pleased him to deliver his address sitting down, he would have done so without thought of its effect upon the audience. Cleveland has never governed his conduct by any other rule than his own perception of the right of the matter.

FIGHTING THE PENSION SCANDALS.

Cleveland entered the White House twenty years after the close of the Civil War. During those twenty years the country had been governed by the voters in the Northern States. The largest group of votes in the Northern States was the ex-Union soldier vote. Both parties were bidding for it in every township and election precinct in the North. The Republican party held the solid soldier vote. But in doing so the Republicans had made the word "soldier" a sacred word; and many dem-

agogues and rascals were using the word "soldier" as a passport to the United States Treasury, which they were looting brazenly. By the action of the scoundrels the deserving soldiers were discredited, and much of the money which should have been theirs was turned to fraudulent uses. Cleveland's first important official position was taken as an obstructionist. He registered the protest of the whirlwind by checking the pension frauds. He vetoed private pension bills by the hundreds. His record of vetoes during his first term was greater than the number of vetoes of all the preceding Presidents of the United States combined. The men whose schemes were frustrated hid behind the magic word "soldier," and began attacking Cleveland viciously. It was charged that he was an enemy to the soldier; that Cleveland himself, not being a veteran of the war, was venting his envy and spite on those who had sacrificed their youth to their country. There is no doubt but that the country sympathized with the animus of this attack during its progress, but Cleveland kept sitting up nights until two or three o'clock, poring over the pension papers, finding flaws, looking for frauds, and vetoing the bills he deemed unworthy. The storm of popular abuse raged, but with a grave, impenetrable stare in his eyes he gazed for a moment at the raging political elements, and then went on signing his vetoes as placidly as though he were writing virtuous mottoes in a copy-book. Even when the storm reached Congress and Congress began passing his vetoes over his head, Cleveland still toiled through the mass of papers, reading the evidence and setting forth his reasons for his veto, absolutely sure that each veto would be unavailing, and that even the moral lesson he was teaching would be lost. As a climax to his course he vetoed a general pension bill—the dependent pension bill. It was the first solar-plexus blow the demagogues had had for twenty years.

During the first years of his first term, when Cleveland was not vetoing pension bills, it was pretty safe to guess that his midnight oil was burning over the records of Republican office-holders. He turned out thousands of them. Probably most of them were better out than in, for twenty-four years of an uninterrupted official incumbency will corrupt the best party in the world. But it is certain that every man Cleveland removed he believed should be removed. He worked over the charges against these men with the same almost fanatical industry that he had used in his law business. And years of legal experience had given him a judicial mind. He was as fair as a man could be in those offensive partisanship cases where he was judge, jury, attorney for the defense, and public prosecutor all in one. While he was creaking drearily through his heavy grist, the United States Senate, which was Republican, and being recently out of power was sore, jauntily asked Cleveland to let it see the papers in some of the cases in which he had made removals. With one absent-minded smack of his heavy hand the presidential mastodon knocked the senatorial impertinence aside by the remark that the constitutional duty of the Senate in the matter was limited to confirmation. Then he resumed his inexorable grind, and the years wore away.

While the business of the nation was passing across his desk, Cleveland gradually became conscious of the fact that the country was taking in more money than it was paying out, and that the surplus was accumulating rapidly in the Treasury. When this fact found secure lodgment in his mind, he did a simple thing—for Cleveland. He devoted an entire message to Congress in 1887 to an obstructive plan to reduce the national revenues and divorce them from the business of the country, making a tariff not to encourage new industries nor to protect existing ones, but to produce revenue, and revenue only. To Cleveland's mind it seemed a logical proposition that tariff was for revenue and for nothing else. But at that time the country was not of that opinion. That was easily demonstrable. Some of Cleveland's friends, to whom he read the message before delivering it, told him how the matter stood with the people. Their showing affected him about as deeply as the buzzing of flies. He did not change a syllable of the message. He knew it might defeat him. But he did not regard himself as a martyr. His friends seemed to imagine that Cleveland made a noble sacrifice for his country's good when he sent in his tariff message in 1887. Probably nothing was further from his view of the matter. He believed what he said was true, and that as a mere incident of the day's work it should be said. He did not dramatize the situation by putting his personality in it; to him the matter was impersonal. He went into the campaign of 1888 in a cheerful but not a hopeful frame of mind. He was happy, not in the sense of duty well done, but with the felicity of a man who has nothing undone to worry him. He fished and hunted and worked, and being a bridegroom of two years, life, as he put it himself, was "one grand, sweet song." As for the people,

he liked to meet them, to shake hands with them, to hear them talk and cheer, and push and crowd about his car, for he was human, and all the world was brother to him; but the color of its hair or the complexion of its votes was a matter of considerable indifference to Grover Cleveland. When he was defeated by Benjamin Harrison in the election of 1888, Cleveland may possibly have been stung; if he was, the world never knew it, and it is certain that the defeat did not crush him or even cripple him. He saw that the cyclone of 1884 had spent itself, and that he was walking on his own feet instead of riding the storm. The man of destiny became a practising attorney in New York. He revived his bank account and devoted himself to his family, saying what he pleased in public and in private, doing as he pleased, living as he pleased. He did not gratify his enemies by uttering even a sigh of regret at the course of human events, and if he had an ambition to regain his power, he concealed it. He did not play politics. He put on no pompous dignity, but he remained the rather bashful, unassuming, reticent, hard-working gentleman who left Buffalo for Albany six years before.

When the Democratic nomination for the Presidency came to him in 1892, it may have pleased him, but it was not of his connivance. Cleveland has no sort of art in handling men, either in caucuses or in conventions. He can deal with masses—he has the mathematical mind—but with concrete men and women and things he is helpless. The Democratic masses forced Cleveland's second nomination, because he personified them and they trusted him; but most of the delegates who voted for him in that convention did so, hating him. They were only following instructions. If he had not been nominated on the first ballot, the delegates would have stampeded to any one rather than vote for Cleveland after they had fulfilled the letter of their instructions. The New York State delegation signed a bitter protest against his nomination, and almost every Democratic politician of any note was arrayed against Cleveland. These politicians made a platform that Cleveland in his campaign ignored as serenely as he would have ignored the canals on Mars. Yet, for all that, Democratic leaders in the West and South were crying, "Cleveland and Free Silver," despite the fact that if there was one thing above another which Grover Cleveland stood for, it was sound money on a gold basis.

But Cleveland made his platform and his own war cry—a tariff for revenue only. Something in the passing show of political events aroused him—perhaps the McKinley Tariff Law, or the Homestead strike, or the approaching hard times—and he made a bitter fight. There was a breath of Socialism in the air; it came from the Farmers' Alliance in the West and South. And because Cleveland attacked protected industries—which were really Socialistic if the ignorant Socialists had known it—these malcontents hailed him as a leader who espoused their cause. The discontent of 1884 became the Populism of 1892. Cleveland's speeches attacking the iniquities of the protected tariff were quoted out West to prove that Cleveland was an enemy of all wealth and all capital. Phrases like this from Cleveland were devoured greedily by the Populists: "The communism of combined wealth and capital, the outgrowth of Government cupidity and selfishness." After Cleveland's election in 1892 Socialism grew brazen. In the West it believed its champion had come. If Cleveland knew this, it did not sway him. Before his second term was over, Mr. Cleveland was ignoring the Democratic organization, and to all intents and purposes his second term might have been Republican in name rather than Democratic, as the word was used by its partisans.

HIS STAND AGAINST SOCIALISM.

From 1885 to 1889 Cleveland was a protesting obstructionist; from 1893 to 1897 he was an obstructionist protesting against the protest. But he was always an obstructionist. No other period of American history since the days of the war and reconstruction has been so tumultuous and so hazardous to American national life as were those four years of Cleveland's second administration. In them Cleveland became a great man. He performed a service to this country as important as any President ever performed in time of peace. And the story of the service should be simplified so that every school child may know it and may honor Grover Cleveland. Looking back over those days, one is forced to believe that Cleveland—like all men who do great necessary things in this world—must have been a man sent. His character was so exactly molded to the task before him, and the work he did was so entirely the reflection of his character, that one wonders if the fatalists are right and that the things to be must be, and are planned before they are.

That, however, is idle speculation. This is what happened:

For twenty years before 1893 there had been an era of good times. The depression of the early seventies had been followed by recuperation, and that by stability; and prosperity by growth, growth by speculation; and then came the great boom of the eighties. The Missouri Valley and the Pacific Coast States were the scenes of wild land gambling. The whole West was mortgaged. In the Missouri Valley the boom broke in 1889, but elsewhere it lasted two or three years longer. In 1892 the wheels of trade began to slow up; in 1893 they stopped stone still. Then came collapse. When Cleveland entered the White House the second time, he was facing the financial ruin of his country. There was no longer talk of a gold surplus. The people were beginning to hoard their gold coin. The demand for gold, which is always worth its weight, had cut the gold reserve in the national Treasury down to a dangerously small sum. The drain increased rather than abated. The moment the Government should cease paying gold and begin to pay silver for greenbacks, that moment the country would be on a silver basis, and stand on a financial footing with the half-civilized countries of the world. The national degradation would have been unspeakable, the financial ruin immeasurable. And the hopeless side of the case was that the Democratic party, which had come up strong in the West, and tainted with Socialism, was a rampant silver party. But Cleveland was for gold, and for a year he tried to maintain the gold reserve in the Treasury. In the meantime the Democratic party had descended to men like Brice and Gorman and Hill and Murphy. While calamity was clouding the country, the Democratic leaders were scurrying about like rats, with their heads full of intrigues no more important than petty larceny. The President stood alone. All that he could be certain of was impending disaster and the treachery of his partisans. He moved slowly—perhaps not so much from caution as from ponderous habit of mind. He was not afraid, but he desired to be thorough in his preparation of the case before he went to trial. Cleveland was an indefatigable workman before he was a statesman—or anything else in the world. He ruminated four long months on the subject in hand before he acted. Then he knew his case. He had no fear of the outcome; for in Cleveland's mental make-up there is no place for fear. He called Congress together in special session to repeal the Sherman law, which drained the gold reserve by compelling the purchase of silver bullion; and although Cleveland knew that his party was ulcerated with the silver evil, and although he felt that the party leaders who had intelligence were cowards, and those who had courage were mad with Socialism, Cleveland's imagination could not dramatize the situation. He saw only the wise thing to do, and he did it in a superb serenity. Congress assembled, ready—almost eager—to push the country over the edge of the precipice on to a silver basis. Then Grover Cleveland rose. He stood there like Lincoln. To save the nation from ruin, he seized the one weapon at hand, what little patronage was left him, and he went into the legislative market—appointing no man to office unless the Senator or Congressman recommending that man promised to vote against the Sherman law. There he stood, unmindful of God, man, or devil, putting aside past promises and future obligations with the sublime shamelessness of dire need—stolid, unmoral, buying votes with offices with no more emotion in his choice of purchasable swine than a hog-buyer in the pens. The public service was filled with incompetent men, recommended by purchasable national legislators, who traded their votes for this patronage. The Sherman Act was repealed. One crisis was past.

When Congress assembled in regular session in December, it began an affair—perhaps *liaison* is a better word—with the tariff. As the session grew, men began to sniff the odor of unsavory gossip. Cleveland could not control his cattle. He had no tact, no diplomacy, no faculty of persuading men. In the mass, men may be governed by pure reason. Individuals may be governed by self-interest. Cleveland could never dramatize his convictions so that a man would find himself a hero in following them. Congress became publicly indecent; and when the Wilson Bill finally became a law it literally stunk with scandal. Cleveland would not touch it with his signature, and he reviled the party that framed it. Again the gold reserve ran low. Again Cleveland sold bonds, and again his party in Congress and in the nation spat upon him in impotent rage. Cleveland turned his back upon his party, and set out alone to find some way to break the "endless chain." Bonds were being sold for gold, and greenbacks were being presented at the treasury for the gold purchased by the bonds; and when the green-

backs had drained out the gold, more gold was bought by the issuance of more bonds. Industry was paralyzed. Banks were failing. Gold was going into hiding. Socialism was rampant, and Democracy was a bedlam. There was neither a market nor time for a bond issue. When Cleveland saw the blight that was coming over the land, he turned from the mad-house of Congress to Wall Street. There a syndicate was organized, which, for a consideration that Cleveland considered fair, agreed to help maintain the gold reserve for a specified time. The syndicate offered better terms if Congress would make the bonds payable in gold instead of in "coin." This offer was deluged with a torrent of wrath. Cleveland's name was execrated in his party as no other man's ever was before in this generation. Hatred is a mild term to apply to the attitude of the Democracy toward its former idol. But all this did not disturb him. His isolation only gave him free swing for his shoulders. He walked forward, trampling on the party organization, kicking the wreckage of it right and left as it fell across his path. There was no passion—no resentment in his heart. By night he toiled till the cockcrow, working to find his duty; by day he did it with a stoicism that would have been splendidly urbane had not the assertive grit of the man been all over it.

There came a time when the rabid discontent of the people broke out in riot. The great Chicago strike in the Mississippi Valley clutched business by the throat. In Illinois the governor of the State was clearly in sympathy with blatant anarchy. Then Grover Cleveland rose again as a despot of law and order, and with the arms of the Government of the United States quelled the mob. To do this he had to violate the Democratic bugaboo of States Rights, he had to snap traditions and make his own precedent. But because he believed that in the day's work that was the thing to do, he did not hesitate longer than it took to reach for a blotter with which to dry the ink of the order. In an instant the rebellion ceased. Business began breathing regularly. Anarchy vanished. And again Cleveland dismounted and went back to the presidential chair.

THE VENEZUELA CRISIS.

In December, 1895, he did a great and popular thing. The incident in American history known as the Venezuelan episode will be distinguished as the one big thing Grover Cleveland did in public life that instantly compelled popular support. Cleveland found that England was encroaching on the Venezuelan boundary. Without mincing matters and without wasting time in diplomacy, Cleveland sent a message to Congress asking for an appropriation to pay a commission and authority to appoint it which should settle the Venezuelan boundary dispute. The American right to act in the matter was assumed with a bald audacity that made the world gasp. It had become Cleveland's habit of mind to stand for his idea of right, no matter on whose toes he trod. England winced, Europe grew black in the face, America cheered herself hoarse, and Grover Cleveland, as much astonished as any one at the turn affairs had taken, grunted and went on with his work. In a month he was closing the details of the Arbitration treaty, and in six months the incident had faded from public interest. But it remains one of the really great episodes in Cleveland's public life.

And so the four years of his second term wore away, with Democracy gone daft to Socialism, and Cleveland plodding ahead, guided by "the brave old wisdom of sincerity," tranquilly, almost cheerfully, crashing through the wreckage and *débris* of his party organization, blundering with men, and mending with measures. When the Democratic Convention met in Chicago in 1896 Cleveland's enemies were the only ones brave enough to mention his name, and they put it up only for the crowd to hiss at. And no man ever went to the stake with more enthusiastic and cordial approval of his former friends than the Democrats at Chicago gave Cleveland as their orators roasted his effigy. Certainly Grover Cleveland wrecked the machinery of the Democratic party. The cataclysm was complete. But he did not wreck it wilfully, and certainly not with malice. Democracy was wrecked as a mere detail in the daily routine of the work of an honest man who was engaged in the patriotic task of saving his country's honor. When he looked around and saw what he had done, perhaps Cleveland was surprised; but it is safe to say that he had no remorse for it, and he would surely do the same thing if he had it to do again.

Cleveland, as a statesman, will be remembered as the man who stopped things. He checked abuses; he prevented bad men from accomplishing their schemes; he warded off impending calamity. He reduced revenues and saved taxes; he stayed the ebbing tide of public credit; he throttled anarchy; he stopped foreign aggrandizement on the

American continent. Always he was the safety-valve. He brought no new doctrine to the people; he had no theory of government—merely an ideal of duty for the hour. He founded no institution; in the political life of his time he constructed nothing. As a statesman he will be remembered as one who every hour of the working day did what he thought was exactly right, and who never attempted to guide the current of the public business, but always to see that the business was wisely and honestly done. He was a modest, industrious public servant, who lived so closely the motto, "A public office is a public trust," that people came to believe that he invented it—which he did not. He never injected himself nor his ambition into any public affairs. His name was never linked with any policy, and no law on the statute books of his country is known as Cleveland's law. He tried to efface his personality, but it was so strong and distinctive and pungent with masculinity that it dominated everything he did in spite of his aversion to personal politics. Yet he will never be a hero, because he did not live a dramatic life. There was nothing in his biography to amuse or interest a Plutarch or a Boswell. When he passes from the earth, no biographer will materialize him in a flesh-colored sketch. He must remain to posterity a disembodied spirit, an ideal of honesty bearing a man's name—the symbol of a national inspiration toward public virtue.

MR. CLEVELAND TO-DAY.

Time has mellowed Cleveland, and experience has taught him a kind philosophy. There is a tincture of humor on his outer face now, and a strong, placid light of happiness glowing from his heart. Of late years he has lived at Princeton, N. J., in a big white house with a hall through the middle of it, and on the wide blue-grass lawn his children play, while inside he and his wife and his books and his pleasant memories are happy together. The college boys from Princeton congregate in his yard on occasion, and frequently he returns their calls and goes down to the chapel and talks to them in a good-natured felicitous way. He fills in his days with writing, reading, and recreation. When duty prompts him to say a thing, he says it in few words and in good taste. Youth still tempts him out fishing and hunting, and he loves the fields and woods and waters as he loved them when he was a ruddy-cheeked boy. He has lived to see his enemies put to rout, and much that he advocated vindicated by events and justified by the ballots of his countrymen. Nature has checked in his face the lines that followed the days and nights of hard living and hard working in the years of his youth. But behind those lines there is another face—a serene, exalted face which shines out of a strong, unconquerable soul—a righteous, rock-anchored Presbyterian soul.

It was from that soul that these words came in a letter to his brother, just before the election that made Cleveland governor in 1882:

"I have just voted, and I sit here in the office, alone. If mother were alive I should be writing to her, and I feel as if it were a time for me to write to some one who will believe what I write. I have for some time been in the atmosphere of certain success, so that I have been sure that I should assume the duties of the high office for which I have been named. I have tried hard, in the light of this fact, to properly appreciate the responsibilities that will rest upon me, and they are much—too much—underestimated. But the thought that has troubled me is: Can I perform my duties, and in such manner as to do some good to the people of the State? I know there is room for it, and I know that I am sincere and honest in my desire to do well; but the question is whether I know enough to accomplish what I desire. In point of fact I will tell you first of all others the policy I intend to adopt, and that is to make the matter a business engagement between the people and myself, in which the obligation on my side is to perform the duties assigned me with an eye single to the interests of my employers. I shall have no idea of reëlection or of any high political preferment in my head, but be very thankful and happy if I serve one term as the people's governor. Do you know that if mother were alive I should feel so much safer. I have always thought her prayers had much to do with my successes. I shall expect you to help me in that way."

Nearly seventeen years ago, this man Grover Cleveland left his State for his nation's service. During those years he has seen many strange changes and has been a part of them. Pageant after pageant has filed through the *blasé* crowd down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. Sometimes the band has played quicksteps. Sometimes it has played dirges. He has seen men rise to the high office which he occupied, has seen them serve valiantly and pass away from the places of their triumph; soldiers and statesmen have come and gone in those years, and war with its victories, and peace with its problems, all have passed before his inquiring eyes; and he has survived them all—presidents, soldiers, victories, defeats, statesmen, little knaves and big ones, disaster, prosperity, sorrow, and national rejoicing; and the changes time has wrought have been so great that this man—still a man in his strength—seems a link with the distant past.

"She was sitting on a dirty pavement and throwing assorted refuse at an unconscious policeman."

ARDELIA IN ARCADY.

By Josephine Dodge Daskam.

WHEN first the young lady from the College Settlement dragged Ardelia from her degradation—she was sitting on a dirty pavement and throwing assorted refuse at an unconscious policeman—like many of her companions in misery, she totally failed to realize the pit from which she was digged. It had never occurred to her that her situation was anything less than refined, and though, like most of us, she had failed to come up to her wildest ideals of happiness, in that respect she differed very little from the young lady who rescued her.

"Come here, little girl," said the young lady invitingly. "Wouldn't you like to come with me and have a nice, cool bath?"

"Naw," said Ardelia, in tones rivaling the bath in coolness.

"You wouldn't? Well, wouldn't you like some bread and butter and jam?"

"Wha's jam?" said Ardelia conservatively.

"Why, it's—er—marmalade," the young lady explained. "All sweet, you know."

"Naw!" and Ardelia turned away and fingered the refuse with an air of finality that caused the young lady to sigh with vexation.

"I thought you might like to go on a picnic," she said helplessly. "I thought all little girls liked——"

"Picnic? When?" cried Ardelia, moved instantly to interest. "I'm goin'!"

She brushed the garbage from her dress—Ardelia was of that emancipated order of women who disapprove of the senseless multiplication of feminine garments, and wore, herself, but one—and regarded her rescuer impatiently.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "I'm all ready. Hump along!"

"We'll go and ask your mother first, won't we?" suggested the young lady, a little bewildered at this sudden change of attitude.

"Seizing the hand which she imagined to have had least to do with the refuse, she led Ardelia away."

"Jagged," Ardelia returned laconically. "She'd lift y'r face off yer! Is it the Dago picnic?"

The young lady shuddered, and seizing the hand which she imagined to have had least to do with the refuse, she led Ardelia away—the first stage of her journey to Arcady.

Ardelia's origin, like that of the civilization of ancient Egypt, was shrouded in mystery. At the age of two months she had been handed to a policeman by a scared-looking boy, who said vaguely that he found her in the park under a bench. The policeman had added her to the other foundlings waiting that day at headquarters, and carried them to the matron of the institution devoted to their interest. Around the other baby's neck was a medal of the Blessed Virgin, and a slip of paper pinned to her flannel petticoat labeled her Mary Katharine. The impartial order of the institution therefore delivered Ardelia, who was wholly unlabeled, to the Protestant fold, and one of the scrubbing-women named her.

"Sitting drowsy and vindictive."

Later she had taken up her residence with Mrs. Michael Fahey, who had consented to add to her precarious income by this means, and at the age of four she became the official nurse of Master John Sullivan Fahey. A terribly hot August, unlimited cold tea, and a habit of playing in the gutter in the noon glare proved too much for her charge, and he died on his third birthday. The ride to the funeral was the most exciting event of Ardelia's life. For years she dated from it. Mrs. Fahey had so long regarded her as one of the family, that though her occupation was gone, and her board was no longer paid, she was whipped as regularly and cursed as comprehensively, in her foster-mother's periodical sprees, as if they had been closely related.

What time she could spare from helping Mrs. Fahey in her somewhat casual household labor, and running errands to tell that lady's perennially hopeful employers that her mother wasn't feeling well to-day, but would it do if she came to-morrow, Ardelia spent in playing up and down the street with a band of little girls, or, in the very hottest days, sitting drowsy and vindictive at the head of a flight of stone steps that led into a down-stairs saloon. The damp, flat, beer-sweetened air that rushed out as the men pushed open the swing-doors was cool and refreshing to her; she was in a position to observe any possible customers at the three push-carts in her line of vision, and could rouse a flagging interest in life by listening to any one of the altercations that resounded from the tenements night and day. Drays clattered incessantly over the pavement, peddlers shouted, sharp gongs punctuated the steadier din. A policeman was almost always in sight, and one of them, Mr. Halloran, had more than once given her a penny for lemonade. In the room above her head an Italian band practised every evening, and then Ardelia was perfectly happy, for she loved music. Often before the band began, a hurdy-gurdy would station itself at the corner, and Ardelia and the other little girls would dance about, singly and

"Mr. Halloran had more than once given her a penny for lemonade."

in pairs, shouting the tunes they knew, rejoicing in the comparative coolness and the generally care-free atmosphere. Ardelia was the lightest-footed of them all; her hands held her skirts out almost gracefully, her thin little legs flew highest. Sometimes the saloon-keeper—they called him "Old Dutchy"—would nod approval as Ardelia skipped and pranced, and beckon her to him mysteriously.

"You trow your legs goot," he would say. "We shall see you already dancing, no? Here is an olluf; eat her."

"'Here is an olluf; eat her.'"

And Ardelia, who loved olives to distraction, would nibble off small, sour, salty mouthfuls and suck the pit luxuriously, while she listened to the Italian band.

Except for Mrs. Fahey's errands, which never carried her far off the street, Ardelia had never left it in her life, and her journey to the settlement-house was one of interest to her. She was a silent child, but for occasional fits of gabbling and chattering with the little girls in the street; and though she did not understand why the young lady from the Settlement should cry when she introduced her to two other ladies, nor why so many messages should be left for her mother, and so many local and general baths administered, she said very little. She was not accustomed to question fate, and when it sent her two fried eggs—she refused to eat them boiled—for her breakfast, she quietly placed them in the credit column as opposed to the baths, and held her peace.

Later, arrayed in starched and creaking garments which had been made for a slightly smaller child, she was transported to the station, and for the first time introduced to a railroad car. She sat stiffly on the red plush seat with furtive eyes and sucked-in lips, while the young lady talked reassuringly of daisies and cows and green grass. As Ardelia had never seen any of these things, it is hardly surprising that she was somewhat unenthusiastic; but the young lady was disappointed by this lack of ardor. She was so thoroughly convinced of the essential right of every child to a healthy country life, that she was almost disposed to blame Ardelia for not sharing her eminently creditable conviction.

"You can roll in the daisies, my dear, and pick all you want—all!" she urged eagerly. But no answering gleam woke in Ardelia's eyes.

"Aw right," she answered guardedly, and stared into her lap.

"Look out, dear, and see the fields and houses—see that handsome dog, and see the little pond!"

Ardelia shot a quick glance at the blurring green that dizzied her as it rushed by; the train was a fast express making up for lost time. Then with a scowl she resumed the contemplation of her starched gingham lap. The swelteringly hot day, and the rapid, unaccustomed motion combined to afflict her with a strange internal anticipation of future woe. Once last summer, when she ate the liquid dregs of the ice-cream man's great tin, and fell asleep in the room where her mother was frying onions, she had experienced this same foreboding, and the climax of that dreadful day lingered yet in her memory. So she set her teeth and waited with stoical resignation for the end, while the young lady babbled of green

"She sat stiffly on the red plush seat."

fields, and wondered why the child should be so sullen. Finally she laid it to home-sickness, and recovered her faith in human nature.

At last they stopped. The young lady seized her hand, and led her through the narrow aisle, down the steep steps, across the little country-station platform, and Ardelia was in Arcady.

A bare-legged boy in blue overalls and a wide straw hat then drove them many miles along a hot, dusty road, that wound endlessly through the parched country fields. To the young lady's remark that they needed rain sadly, he replied, "Yep!" and held his peace for the following hour. Occasionally they passed another horse, but for the most part the only sight or sound of life was afforded by the hens clucking angrily as the travelers drove them from their dust-baths in the powdery road. Released from her horror of foreboding, Ardelia took a more apparent interest in her situation, and would perhaps have spoken if her chaperon had opened conversation; but the young lady was weary of such efforts, disposed to a headache from the blinding heat, and altogether inclined to silence. At last they turned into a driveway, and drew up before a gray wooden house. Ardelia, cramped with sitting still, for she had not altered her position since she was placed stiffly on the seat between her fellow-passengers, was lifted down and escorted up the shingle-walk to the porch. A spare, dark-eyed woman in a checked apron advanced to meet them.

"A spare, dark-eyed woman in a checked apron advanced to meet them."

"Terrible hot to-day, ain't it?" she sighed. "I'm real glad to see you, Miss Forsythe. Won't you cool off a little before you go on? This is the little girl, I s'pose. I guess it's pretty cool to what *she's* accustomed to, ain't it, Delia?"

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Slater, I'll go right on to the house. Now, Ardelia, here you are in the country. I'm staying with my friend in a big white house about a quarter of a mile farther on. You can't see it from here, but if you want anything you can just walk over. Day after to-morrow is the picnic I told you about. You'll see me then, anyway. Now run right out in the grass and pick all the daisies you want. Don't be afraid; no one will drive you off *this* grass!"

The force of this was lost on Ardelia, who had never been driven off any grass whatever, but she gathered that she was expected to walk out into the thick rank growth of the unmowed side yard, and strode downward obediently, turning when in the exact center of the plot for further orders.

"Now pick them! Pick the daisies!" cried Miss Forsythe excitedly. "I want to see you."

Ardelia looked blank.

"Huh?" she said.

"Gather them. Get a bunch. Oh, you poor child! Mrs. Slater, she doesn't know how!" Miss Forsythe was deeply moved, and illustrated by picking imaginary daisies on the porch. Ardelia's quick eyes followed her gestures, and stooping, she scooped the heads from three daisies and started back with them, staring distrustfully into the depths of the thick clinging grass as she pushed through it. Miss Forsythe gasped.

"No, no, dear! Pull them up! Take the stem, too," she explained. "Pick the whole flower!"

Ardelia bent over again, tugged at a thick-

"Ardelia looked blank."

stemmed clover, brought it up by the roots, recovered her balance with difficulty, and assaulted a neighboring daisy. On this she cut her hands, and sucking off the blood angrily, she grabbed a handful of coarse grass, and plowing through the tangled mass about her feet, laid the spoils awkwardly on the young lady's lap.

Miss Forsythe stared at the dirty, trailing roots that stained her linen skirt and sighed.

"Thank you, dear," she said politely, "but I meant them for you. I meant you to have a bunch. Don't you want them?"

"He snored audibly."

"Naw!" said Ardelia decidedly, nursing her cut hand and stepping with relief on the smooth floor of the porch.

Miss Forsythe's eyes brightened suddenly.

"I know what you want," she cried; "you're thirsty! Mrs. Slater, won't you get us some of your good, creamy milk? Don't you want a drink, Ardelia?"

Ardelia nodded. She felt very tired, and the glare of the sun seemed reflected from everything into her dazed eyes. When Mrs. Slater appeared with the foaming yellow glasses she wound her nervous little hands about the stem of the goblet and began a deep draught. She did not like it, it was hard to swallow, and instinct warned her not to go on with it; but all the thirst of a long morning—Ardelia was used to drinking frequently—urged her on, and its icy coldness enabled her to finish the glass. She handed it back with a deep sigh. The young lady clapped her hands.

"There!" she cried. "Now, how do you like real milk, Ardelia? I declare, you look like another child already! You can have all you want every day—why, what's the matter?"

For Ardelia was growing ghastly pale before them; her eyes turned inward, her lips tightened. A blinding horror surged from her toes upward, and the memory of the liquid ice cream and the frying onions faded before the awful reality of the present agony.

Later, as she lay limp and white on the slippery hair-cloth sofa in Mrs. Slater's musty parlor, she heard them discussing her situation.

"There was a lot of Fresh Air children over at Mis' Simms's," her hostess explained, "and they 'most all of 'em said the milk was too strong—did you ever! Two or three of 'em was sick, like this one, but they got to love it in a little while. She will, too."

Ardelia shook her head feebly. She had learned her lesson. If success, as we are told, consists not in omitting to make mistakes, but in omitting to make the same one twice, Ardelia's treatment of the milk question was eminently successful.

After a while Miss Forsythe went away, and at her urgent suggestion Ardelia came out and sat on the porch under the shade of a black umbrella. She sat motionless, staring into the grass, lost in the rapture of content that follows such a crisis as her recent misery, forgetful of all her earthly woes in the blessed certainty of her present calm. In a few minutes she was asleep.

When she awoke she was in a strange place. Outside the umbrella all was dusk and shadow. Only a square white mist filled the place of the barn, the tall trees loomed vaguely toward the dark sky, the stars were few. As she gazed in half-terror about her,

a strange jangling came nearer and nearer, and a great animal with swinging sides, panting terribly, ran clumsily by, followed by a bare-legged boy, whose thudding feet sounded loud on the beaten path. Ardelia shrank against the wall with a cry that brought Mrs. Slater to her side.

"There, there, Delia, it's only a cow. She won't hurt you. She gives the milk—" Ardelia shuddered—"and the butter, too. Here's some bread and butter for you. We've had our supper, but I thought the sleep would do you more good."

Still shaken by the shock of that panting, hairy beast, Ardelia put out her hand for the bread and butter, and ate it greedily. Then she stretched her cramped limbs and looked over the umbrella. On the porch sat a bearded man in shirt-sleeves and stocking feet, his head thrown back against his chair, his mouth open. He snored audibly. Tipped back in another chair, his feet raised and pressed against one of the supports of the porch roof, sat a younger man. He was not asleep, for he was smoking a pipe, but he was as motionless as the other. Curled up on the steps was the boy who had brought them from the station. Occasionally he patted a mongrel collie beside him, and yawning, stretched himself, but he did not speak.

"That's Mr. Slater," said the woman softly, "and the young man is my oldest son, William. Henry brought you up with the team. They're out in the field all day, and they get pretty tired. It gets nice an' cool out here by evenin', don't it?"

She leaned back and rocked silently to and fro, and Ardelia waited for the events of the evening. There were none. She wondered why the gas was not lit in all that shadowy darkness, why the people didn't come along. She felt scared and lonely. Now that her stomach was filled, and her nerves refreshed by her long sleep, she was in a condition to realize that aside from all bodily discomfort she was sad—very sad. A new, unknown depression weighed her down. It grew steadily, something was happening, something constant and mournful—what? Suddenly she knew. It was a steady, recurrent noise, a buzzing, monotonous click. Now it rose, now it fell, accentuating the silence dense about it.

"*Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig!*" then a rest.

"*Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig-a-zig!*"

She looked restlessly at Mrs. Slater. "Wha's 'at?" she said.

"That? Oh, those are katydids. I s'pose you never heard 'em, that's a fact. Kind o' cozy, I think. Don't you like 'em?"

"Naw," said Ardelia.

Another long silence intervened. The rocking-chair swayed back and forth, and Mr. Slater snored. Little bright eyes glowed and disappeared, now high, now low, against the dark. It will never be known whether Ardelia thought them defective gas-lights or the flashing changing electric signs that add color to the night advertisements of her native city, for contrary to all fictional precedent, she did not inquire with interest what they were. She did not care, in fact.

After half an hour of the katydids, William spoke.

"Nick Damon's helpin' in the south lot t'day," he observed.

"Was he?" asked his mother, pausing a moment in her rocking.

"Yep."

Again he smoked, and the monotonous clamor was uninterrupted.

"*Zig-a-zig! Zig-zig! Zig-a-zig-a-zig!*"

Slowly, against the background of this machine-like clicking, there grew other sounds, weird, unhappy, far away.

"*Wheep, wheep, wheep!*"

This was a high, thin crying.

"*Buroom! Brrroom! broom!*"

This was low and resonant and solemn. Ardelia scowled.

"What's 'at?" she asked again.

"That's the frogs. Bull-frogs and peepers. Never heard them, either, did ye? Well, that's what they are."

William took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Come here, sissy, 'n' I'll tell y' a story," he said lazily.

Ardelia obeyed, and glancing timorously at the shadows, slipped around to his side.

"Onc't they was an ol' feller comin' 'long cross-lots, late at night, an' he come to a pond, an' he kinder stopped up an' says to himself, 'Wonder how deep th' ol' pond is, anyhow?' He was just a leetle—well, he'd had a drop too much, y' see——"

"Had a what?" interrupted Ardelia.

"He was sort of rollin' 'round—he didn't know just what he *was* doin'——"

"Oh! jagged!" said Ardelia comprehendingly.

"I guess so. An' he heard a voice singin' out, 'Knee *deep!* Knee *deep!* Knee *deep!*'"

William gave a startling imitation of the peepers; his voice was a high, shrill wail.

"'Oh, well,' s' he, 'f it's just knee deep I'll wade through,' an' he starts in.

"Just then he hears a big fellow singin' out, 'Better go *rrrround!* Better go *rrround! bettergoround!*'"

William rolled out a vibrating bass note that startled the bull-frogs themselves.

"'Lord!' says he, 'is it s'deep's that? Well, I'll go round, then.' 'N' off he starts to walk around.

"'*Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!*'" says the peepers.

"An' there it was. Soon's he'd start to do one thing, they'd tell him another. Make up his mind he couldn't, so he stands there still, they do say, askin' 'em every night which he better do."

"Stands where?" Ardelia looked fearfully behind her.

"'Oh, I d'know. Out in that swamp, mebbe."

Again he smoked, and the younger boy chuckled.

Time passed by. To Ardelia it might have been minutes, hours, or generations. An unspeakable boredom, an *ennui* that struck to the roots of her soul, possessed her. Her muscles twitched from nervousness. Her feet ached and burned in the stiff boots.

"'*Oh, gee! Oh, gee!*' she screamed."

Suddenly Mr. Slater coughed and arose. "Well, guess I'll be gettin' to bed," he said. "Come on, boys. Hello, little girl! Come to visit with us, hey? Mind you don't pick poison vine."

He shuffled into the house, and the boys followed him in silence. Mrs. Slater led Ardelia upstairs into a little hot room, and told her to get into bed quick, for the lamp drew the mosquitoes.

Ardelia kicked off her shoes and approached the bed distrustfully. It sank down with her weight and smelled hot and queer. Rolling off, she stretched herself on the floor, and lay there disconsolately. Sharp, quick stabs from the swarming mosquitoes stung her to rage; she tossed about, slapping at them with exclamations that would have shocked Mrs. Slater. The eternal chatter of the katydids maddened her. She could not sleep. Across the swamp came the wail of the peepers.

"*Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!*"

At home the hurdy-gurdy was playing, the women were gossipping on every step, the lights were everywhere—the blessed fearless gas-lights—the little girls were dancing in the breeze that drew in from the East River, Old Dutchy was giving Maggie Kelly an olive. Ardelia slapped viciously at a mosquito on her hot cheek, heard a great June bug flopping into the room through the loosely waving netting, and burst into tears of pain and fright, wrapping her head tightly in her gingham skirt.

In the morning Miss Forsythe came over to inquire after her charge's health, accompanied by another young lady.

"How do you do, my dear?" said the new lady kindly. "How terribly the mosquitoes have stung you! What makes you stay in the house, and miss the beautiful fresh air? See that great plot of daisies—does she know that she can pick all she wants, poor little thing? I suppose she never had a chance! Come out with me, Ardelia, and let's see which can pick the biggest bunch."

And Ardelia, fortified by ham and eggs, went stolidly forth into the grass and silently attacked the daisies.

In the middle of her bunch the new young lady paused. "Why, Ethel, she isn't barefoot!" she cried. "Come here, Ardelia, and take off your shoes and stockings directly. Shoes and stockings in the country! *Now* you'll know what comfort is," as she unlaced the boots rapidly on the porch.

"Oh, she's been barefoot in the city," explained Miss Forsythe, "but this will be different, of course."

And so it was, but not in the sense she intended. To patter about bare-legged on the bare, safe pavement, was one thing; to venture unprotected into that waving, tripping tangle was another. She stepped cautiously upon the short grass near the house,

and with jaw set and narrowed lids felt her way into the higher growth. The ladies clapped their hands at her happiness and freedom. Suddenly she stopped, she shrieked, she clawed the air with outspread fingers. Her face was gray with terror.

"Oh, gee! Oh, gee!" she screamed.

"What is it, Ardelia, what is it?" they cried, lifting up their skirts in sympathy. "A snake?"

Mrs. Slater rushed out, seized Ardelia, half rigid with fear, and carried her to the porch. They elicited from her as she sat with her feet tucked under her and one hand convulsively clutching Mrs. Slater's apron that something had rustled by her, "down at the bottom," that it was slippery, that she had stepped on it, and wanted to go home.

"Toad," explained Mrs. Slater briefly. "Only a little hop-toad, Delia, that wouldn't harm a baby, let alone a big girl nine years old, like you."

But Ardelia, chattering with nervousness, wept for her shoes, and sat high and dry in a rocking-chair for the rest of the morning.

"She's a queer child," Mrs. Slater confided to the young ladies. "Not a drop of anything will she drink but cold tea. It don't seem reasonable to give it to her all day, and I won't do it, so she has to wait till meals. She makes a face if I say milk, and the water tastes slippery, she says, and salty-like. She won't touch it. I tell her it's good well water, but she just shakes her head. She's stubborn's a bronze mule, that child. Just mopes around. 'Smorning she asked me when did the parades go by. I told her there wa'n't any but the circus, an' that had been already. I tried to cheer her up, sort of, with that Fresh Air picnic of yours to-morrow, Miss Forsythe, and s'she, 'Oh, the Dago picnic!' s'she; 'will they have Tony's band?'

"She don't seem to take any int'rest in th' farm, like those Fresh Air children, either. I showed her the hens an' the eggs, an' she said it was a lie about the hens layin' 'em. 'What d'you take me for?' s'she. The idea! Then Henry milked the cow, to show her—she wouldn't believe that, either—and with the milk streamin' down before her, what do you s'pose she said? 'You put it in,' s'she. I never should 'a' believed that, Miss Forsythe, if I hadn't heard it."

"Oh, she'll get over it," said Miss Forsythe easily; "just wait a few days. Good-by, Ardelia, eat a good supper."

But this Ardelia did not do. She gazed fascinated at Mr. Slater, who loaded his fork with cold green peas, shot them into his mouth, and before disposing of them ultimately added to them half a slice of rye bread and a great gulp of tea in one breath, repeating this operation at regular intervals in voracious silence. She regarded William, who consumed eight large molasses cookies and three glasses of frothy milk, as a mere after-thought to the meal, gulping furiously. He never spoke. Henry she dared not look at, for he burst into laughter whenever she did, and cried out, "You put it in! You put it in!" which irritated her exceedingly. But she knew that he was biting great round bites out of countless slices of buttered bread, and in utter silence. Now Ardelia had never in her life eaten in silence. Mrs. Fahey, when eating, gossiped and fought alternately with Mr. Fahey's old, half-blind mother; her son Danny, in a state of chronic dismissal from his various "jobs," sang, whistled, and performed clog dances under the table during the meal; their neighbor across the narrow hall shrieked her comments, friendly or otherwise; and all around and above and below resounded the busy noise of the crowded, clattering city street. It was the breath in her nostrils, the excitement of her nervous little life, and this cold-blooded stoking took away her appetite, never large.

Through the open door the buzz of the katydids was beginning tentatively. In the intervals of William's gulps a faint bass note warned them from the swamp.

"*Better go rrround! Better go round!*"

Mrs. Slater filled their plates in silence. Henry slapped a mosquito and chuckled interiorly at some reminiscence. A cow-bell jangled sadly out of the gathering dusk.

Ardelia's nerves strained and snapped. Her eyes grew wild.

"Fer Gawd's sake, *talk!*" she cried sharply. "Are youse dumbies?"

The morning dawned fresh and fair; the trees and the brown turf smelled sweet, the homely barnyard noises brought a smile to Miss Forsythe's sympathetic face, as she waited for Ardelia to join her in a drive to the station. But Ardelia did not smile. Her eyes ached with the great, green glare, the strange scattered objects, the long, unaccustomed vistas. Her cramped feet wearied for the smooth pavements, her ears hungered for the dear, familiar din. She scowled at the winding, empty road; she shrieked at the passing oxen.

At the station Miss Forsythe shook her limp little hand.

"Good-by, dear," she said. "I'll bring the other little children back with me. You'll enjoy that. Good-by."

"I'm comin', too," said Ardelia.

"Why, no, dear—you wait for us. You'd only turn around and come right back, you know," urged Miss Forsythe, secretly touched by this devotion to herself.

"Come back nothin'," said Ardelia doggedly. "I'm goin' home."

"Why, why, Ardelia! Don't you really like it?"

"Naw, it's too hot."

Miss Forsythe stared.

"But, Ardelia, you don't want to go back to that horrible smelly street? Not truly?"

"Betcher life I do!" said Ardelia.

The train steamed in; Miss Forsythe mounted the steps uneasily, Ardelia clinging to her hand.

"It's so lovely and quiet," the young lady pleaded.

Ardelia shuddered. Again she seemed to hear that fiendish, mournful wailing:

"*Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!*"

"It smells so good, Ardelia! All the green things!"

Good! that hot, rustling breeze of noonday, that damp and empty evening wind!

They rode in silence. But the jar and jolt of the engine made music in Ardelia's ears. The crying of the hot babies, the familiar jargon of the newsboys: "N'Yawk moyning paypers! Woyld! Joynal!" were a breath from home to her little cockney heart.

They pushed through the great station, they climbed the steps of the Elevated track, they jingled on a cross-town car; and at a familiar corner Ardelia slipped loose her hand, uttered a grunt of joy, and Miss Forsythe looked for her in vain. She was gone.

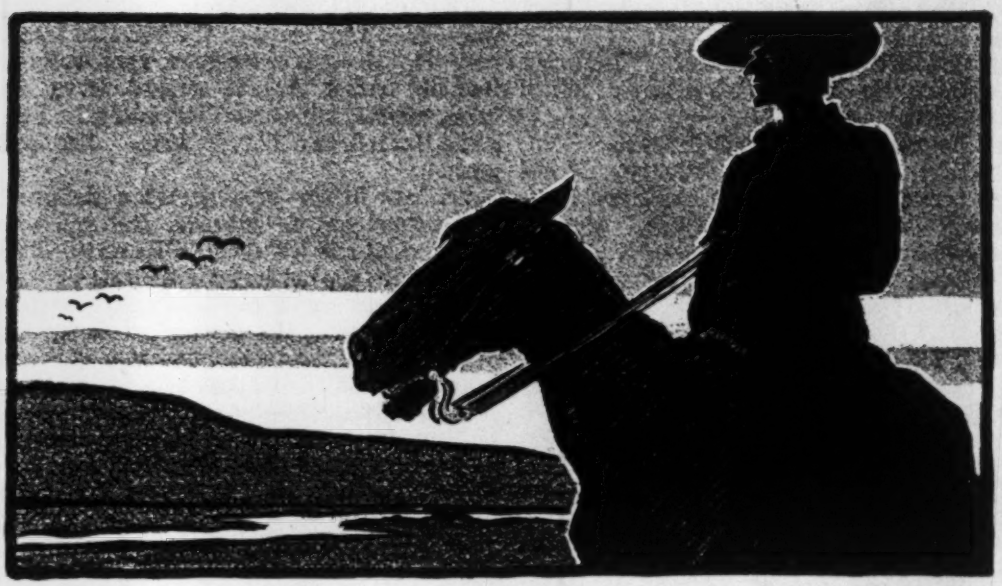
But late in the evening, when the great city turned out to breathe, and sat with opened shirt and loosened bodice on the dirty steps; when the hurdy-gurdy executed brassy scales and the lights flared in endless sparkling rows; when the trolley gongs at the corner pierced the air and feet tapped cheerfully down the cool stone steps of the beer-shop, Ardelia, bare-footed and abandoned, nibbling at a section of bologna sausage, secure in the hope of an olive to come, cake-walked insolently with a band of little girls behind a severe policeman, mocking his stolid gait, to the delight of Old Dutchy, who beamed approvingly at her prancings.

"Ja, ja, you trow out your feet goot. Some day we pay to see you, no? You like to get back already?"

Ardelia performed an audacious *pas seul* and reached for her olive.

"Ja, danky shun, Dutchy," she said airily, and as the hurdy-gurdy moved away, and the oboe of the Italian band began to run up and down the scale, she sank upon her cool step, stretched her toes and sighed.

"Gee!" she murmured, "N'Yawk's the place!"



DELMAR OF PIMA

BY

HAMLIN GARLAND

THE county seat of Pima was an adobe Mexican town, so far as its exterior went, and hugged close under the semicircle formed by the turbid flow of the Rio Perco on the left and the deep arroyo on the right, wherein Medicine Creek lost itself. The houses looked to be dens of animals—and the life that went on within them was often too cruel and too shameless for any beast to have a share in it.

Andrew Delmar approached the river from the south, and having been a long time on the road, was glad of the gleam of water and the sight of a town. His little wagon train was heavily laden with goods bought on credit in Santa Fé, and it was his intention to set up a grocery in San Felipe if he should safely arrive there.

As he drew down to the river bank he came upon a bridge spanning the river, and at one end thereof stood a gate and a small hut.

"I wonder what this means?" he said in Spanish to José, who drove the team next to him.

"It is a tôll-bridge, boss."

"Oh, I don't think so," Delmar replied.

At this moment a formidable person appeared at the door of the hut and advanced to meet the train. He wore a wide white hat and a big revolver swung at his hip. His belt was well filled with cartridges.

"Good evenin', gentlemen," said he.

"Good evening. Is that a toll-bridge?" asked Delmar.

"You bet it is," was the decided reply.

"How much toll?"

The gate-keeper eyed the loads critically. "Fifteen dollars," he finally said.

Delmar turned his head and said in Spanish: "How about the river, José? it looks low. I believe we can ford it."

"I think so, too, boss."

Delmar turned his team and was moving away when the gate-keeper called out: "Don't you go to fording that river. I'll hold you up for the fifteen just the same. This bridge is a mighty accommodation ten months in the year, and you can't——"

"That's all right," said Delmar. "It don't accommodate me just now. Go on, Jack."

Delmar at this time was about thirty-five years old, and tall and thin; but his dark

gray eyes had a keen hawk-like stare which could make a man feel uncomfortable. He carried two fine revolvers frankly ready for use, and the gate-keeper retired for reenforcements. Delmar put his teams into the shallow river, whose sandy bottom he found to be hard and smooth. As he emerged from the water on the town-side the gate-keeper, reënforced by another influential citizen of the town, confronted him.

"You'd better pony up the metal," he said menacingly. "We don't allow no funny business about it."

"Get out of my way," replied Delmar, and his hand fell with a swift flirt upon his revolver. "You'll repent any gun-play you start with me." There was something in his tone which ended the controversy, for the moment at least. The two tax-gatherers retired, muttering threats.

"We'll make this town hot for you."

"That's all right," he replied; "I'm used to a hot climate."

Delmar was a natural-born politician, and before he had covered his goods with a roof he had possessed himself of the situation in the county. First of all, the cattle element ("The Cowmen") held every office and controlled every election. Cowboys were privileged to "shoot up" the town and have roaring times without regard to the "greasers" or ordinary citizens. Law was for them license and the restraint to their opponents. To kill a Mexican was reprehensible, but not criminal. To stampede a herd of cattle through a drove of sheep was considered a useful, practical joke. It tended to keep the sheep-herders humble, and diminished the number of sheep who destroyed the range for cattle. Secondly, this element was "Democratic," and considered itself the aristocracy of the county in contradistinction to the Mexican, or "greaser" population.

In the eyes of these cattle barons and their retainers the greaser was a nuisance. He was given to cultivating the soil along the river-beds, and might be seen any day wading like a snipe in the red mud of his irrigating ditches. They were getting too plenty anyhow and needed to be discouraged. They interfered with the water-rights, and were coming to be so infernal sharp as to argue their rights, saying, "We have as good a claim to the government range as you cattlemen."

The Mexicans, as a matter of fact, knew very little about American politics or any other kind, but they were "agin the government," so far as they knew it. They collected, therefore, under the Republican banner, and made persistent but ineffectual efforts to gain their rights in the county. Numerically they were considerably in the lead, but as the cattlemen controlled all the election machinery, numbers did not count. At the time when Delmar crossed the river and became a citizen of Felipe, the cattlemen were calm and complacent in despotic control of the county.

Delmar at once lined up with the Mexicans. He was half-Spanish, and spoke the Mexican dialect perfectly; but he was also a shrewd trader and ambitious to rule. It was his opportunity, and he seized upon it. His two drivers went out among the Mexicans at once, telling them of Delmar's parentage, and that his sympathies were with them and against the cattlemen, and also that he was going into the sheep business himself. They also spread a knowledge of his reputation as a pistol-shot, and enumerated the men in Albuquerque County who had tried to "snuff him out" and failed.

As a result of this work, and by virtue of his own engaging manner, Delmar did a roaring trade from the start. He bought wool and sold goods, "catching 'em goin' and comin'," as the saying is. He was attentive, alert, and smiling, and withal exact in his dealings. He said frankly, "I'm here to make money, but I'll give you as good a deal as any other merchant and treat you like men, but right there I stop. I'm not selling goods for my health. What I say I'll do, you may bank on, and I'm on your side in this fight against the cattle interest."

He invited leading citizens among the Mexicans to his house, and was hearty and unaffected with every man, woman, and child. The women chattered for hours about him, and came at last to trust him absolutely.

After a careful study of the situation Delmar said to a group of influential Mexicans, "What you want to do first is to get your votes counted."

This remark he made dispassionately, but he was considerably more insistent on the election day which followed. Not a single Republican vote appeared in the count of his voting precinct, though a dozen were known to have voted for the Republican candidate.

After the vote was announced, Delmar walked up to the desk behind which the judges sat smoking comfortably.

"Howdy, gentlemen?" said he.

"Howdy, Delmar? Come in."

"No, thank you. I just called to know where my Republican vote is. I voted the straight ticket, and it does not appear in the returns."

The chairman looked amused. "Is that so? Well, you know how it is—one vote that way—it must have got lost in the shuffle."

This pleased the other judges, and they laughed together most heartily.

With a deadly earnestness which stopped their gaping mouths in a distorted grin, Delmar said, "Gentlemen, at the next election my vote will not get lost in the shuffle. Good-night."

In the months which followed he set to work quietly to organize the Mexican vote, and a year later, at the head of seventy-five men, he marched to the polls, and walking up to the window, thrust his head in, and without greeting said:

"Gentlemen, last year my Republican vote got lost in the shuffle. I don't think it will this time."

The judges were insolent. "How are you going to help yourself?"

"I'm going to see that you count it," replied Delmar. He took a ticket and read it aloud to his men and to all the judges. He then handed it in and said, "I here deposit my vote. If that ballot does not appear on the returns I shall hold every man of you personally responsible for its loss."

He then called up his Mexican supporters one by one and read their ballots. One by one they deposited their ballots, and when they had finished, Delmar said:

"Seventy-six Republican ballots must appear in the returns or you will answer for them." The judges sat in silence, too amazed to formulate a sentence.

As the time for closing the polls came, Delmar was present, and the clerk said with insolent inflection:

"It is customary to clear the room during the counting of the ballots. Mr. Delmar you must retire."

"This is a public room, and as I have no representative on your board I shall stay."

"Clear the room," called the chairman angrily.

Delmar stepped to the door and threw it open. Twenty swart and resolute Mexicans, armed and ready for battle, filed into the room, ominously silent, their eyes on their leader.

Delmar, calm with the calmness of the rattlesnake, walked toward the window and said: "Go on with your count, and if every one of those seventy-six ballots does not appear in the returns, we'll kill every man of you right where you sit. You can't count us out the way you do the niggers in Arkansas."

With trembling fingers the judges went on with their counting, and the Mexican vote was returned in full.

"Gentlemen, I am obliged to you. Before another election comes I shall make arrangements to have every other polling place in the county guarded, and I here publicly announce myself a candidate for the office of sheriff. If the Democrats of this county want war, they can have it to their complete satisfaction."

II.

THE lawlessness of the cattle element had become unbearable. As the sheep industry grew, the cattlemen resorted to every violence and abuse. Women were insulted, herders were fired upon, horses were stampeded through the sheep, drunken cowboys rode up and down the streets of the Mexican towns shooting at every head, and the sheriff could never seem to find these law-breakers. He was always somewhere else when they passed by.

Under these conditions Delmar said to his followers, "We will make the fight on sheriff."

"But, señor, they will kill you," said old Perez.

"I have the reputation of defending myself, Perez. If you'll stand by me I'll take the risk. But we must be organized like an army. We must know where to find every man."

"Very good, señor; it shall be done."

By this time Delmar was known to every man in Pima County. He dressed in plain black like a minister, with a broad black hat and a little lawn tie. He made a point of going unarmed. He was always low-voiced and genial, but there was something formidable in the contrast between his grisly reputation and his pleasant and kindly presence. Only now and then did some inconsiderate person see the set glare of his blue-gray eyes. It was well understood also that he had seen service in the cattle wars of Texas.

Every effort was made to defeat him, but he was too strong for them. The Mexicans

outnumbered the cattlemen nearly one hundred ballots, and by his personal efforts the returning boards of all the principal precincts had a Mexican representative, and the count promised to be fair. Just before election he heard that two hundred fraudulent names were to be added to the voting list, and he set forth to prevent this. He called on the recorder, and after some preliminary talk on the weather, said: "I understand that two hundred fraudulent votes have been added to the voting list. Those names are valuable to me. It will be a good deal of trouble to you to pick 'em out, and so I brought along some money to pay you. Deliver me those names, and you enable me to defeat a villainous conspiracy, and you earn five thousand dollars." He got the names.

He then went to the register and hired him to mix the names so that the real and the bogus were inextricable. Passing then to the judges of the precinct where the names were to be voted, he hired them to vote the names for his ticket. The other side would vote them too, but Delmar had made sure that the two fraudulent lists not merely offset each other, but also exposed the cattlemen—put the laugh on them. Delmar was elected. After the vote was announced he mounted the band-stand in the little plaza and made a speech, wherein he said:

"The people of Pima County have made me sheriff, and I wish to announce that after I take my office any law-breaker will be answerable to me till he is delivered over to the law. No cowboy can 'shoot up the town,' or outrage women, or kill sheep-herders, and escape punishment so long as I can sit a horse and hold a gun. The cattle interest has known no law, and the present sheriff is a cowardly hound who daren't show his head when a boozy cow-puncher yells. They may control the courts, but the cattlemen of Pima have no string on the sheriff-elect."

This was open-handed warfare—even the cowmen had to admit that—and there were those who professed admiration for him. "I like his grit," said Hutchison, of the "Double Arrow." "I won't sanction any underhand work with such a man."

The first test of his courage came shortly after his entering upon his duties. Word was brought to him that Jack Haley was "shooting up" the town of Paint Rock, and Delmar jumped a horse and galloped over the divide to bring the desperado in. Haley heard he was coming, and stuffing his Winchester throat full of cartridges, ran into the back parlor of the "Cowboy's Home," and stood ready with his gun at full-cock expecting Delmar to come in the front way.

But the sheriff ran swiftly and noiselessly round to a side door, and stealing close to the listening desperado, thrust his own Winchester against Haley's side and said, "Drop that gun!"

Haley gave one scared look at Delmar, and his gun clattered to the floor. His surprise and fear were so "comic" to the other cowboys that they roared over it for a whole day. Delmar mounted his horse, and with Haley meekly obeying every order, rode away. The desperado was taking no chances with a sheriff who poked Winchesters into his ribs.

Jail accommodations were not ample in San Felipe, and it was the custom to take the prisoners out to dinner at the hotel. They went in pairs handcuffed together, but were released upon entering the dining-room. Delmar called them all together one morning and said, "Now, boys, if you'll each give me your word of honor not to attempt to run I'll leave the handcuffs off."

No one saw any humor in the phrase "word of honor," and each man solemnly pledged himself to return promptly to his cell under all conditions, and thereafter the handcuffs were discarded, and the convicts moved to their dinner like gentlemen of a jury, with Delmar quietly bringing up the rear.

For a week or two all went well, but one noon as they were returning from their dinner Haley broke away and ran. The wind was blowing a gale, and the streets were full of dust, and Delmar could only dimly see the flying figure. He shouted, "Back to your cells, boys!" and took after the dishonorable cowboy. The flight had been well planned. Haley's own horse, a fine bay, stood bridled and saddled at a street corner, and before Delmar could fire, the fugitive was mounted and sweeping out on the plain at arrow speed.

Running wildly, Delmar followed, hoping to intercept him at the bridge. Just as he was about to halt in despair he met a man driving a superb young mare in a cart. Delmar called, "Stop, drop the lines! I must have your horse—I'm the sheriff."

With three or four slashes of his knife he stripped the harness from the mare, and leaping upon her back was off after his man. The mare ran magnificently, and gained rapidly on Haley, who was heavier, and whose cow-saddle weighed nearly forty pounds. For four miles it was an even thing, then

Delmar began to draw quite near. Haley was a perfect horseman, and sat his horse easily and rode with great judgment, and had Delmar been indifferently mounted, he would certainly have lost his man.

At last Haley's horse stumbled and nearly fell, and Delmar drew close enough to say pleasantly:

"Better surrender."

"Never, by God!" Haley replied, making a motion to shoot.

Delmar threw himself far over behind his horse and rode alongside. Haley did the same, slipping so far that his saddle turned and he went to the ground and stopped his horse.

Delmar rode on out of pistol-shot, for he had only a small revolver containing but four cartridges, while Haley had the regular six-inch cowboy "gun" and was desperate. The sheriff was sure his deputies would come scurrying down the trail in a few minutes, and studied how he might keep his man occupied. Both horses were trembling with fatigue and dripping with sweat. Haley was confident and glad of a chance to breathe his horse.

"You'd better clear the track," he said. "As soon as my horse gets his wind I'm going to ride right over ye."

"You'll be a dead man before you hit leather," replied Delmar. "You keep your distance, and don't attempt to mount your horse; if you do, you get hurt."

"I saw your gun, it ain't worth a cent at this distance," said Haley with a grin. "It's nothing but a popgun. I don't want to plug ye, but I'll have to if ye don't clear the track."

Both men were dismounted and looking at each other over the necks of their horses. Each was well versed in the tricks of the range, and neither was anxious to begin.

"See here, Delmar, I don't want to kill you—you've treated me white; you better let me go."

"That's mighty kind of you, Bill; but I reckon I'll stay right here. It's a black mark on me if you get away. I'm due to die or take you back. I tell you right now I'm going to have you dead or alive."

Haley smiled again, a wicked smile, but Delmar saw a cloud of dust far up on the rise, and his blood leaped. Tom, his deputy, was coming, riding Blaze, who had no equal in the county. Haley was nerving himself for his charge and suspected nothing of reënforcements.

Just as he was about to mount, Delmar threw himself on his horse and rode away up the trail.

Haley laughed and said, "Going to give it up?"

"Oh, no—I'm just keeping out o' range."

Haley was instantly suspicious, and looking around saw the oncoming horses. He threw himself into his saddle and spurred straight at the sheriff.

Delmar reined his horse out of the road and went to cover behind his neck, but Haley did not shoot for some reason.

Down the hill came the blaze-face sorrel, with neck outthrust and his wild eyes rolling, and on his back with a Winchester in his hands was Tom Perez. He passed like a whirlwind, and a moment later threw his gun to his shoulder and fired.

Haley went down in a cloud of dust, and before he could rise Tom stood over him with the butt of his gun upraised, ready to brain the helpless desperado.

"Hold on! Don't kill him!" called Delmar in Spanish. "If you strike him I'll fire," he said, as he rode up and dismounted.

Haley appeared grateful, and as they helped him up he gave Delmar a look like that a dog might give on being released from a trap. The bullet had gone through the cantle of his saddle and into the fleshy part of his hip. He was not much hurt, but the fight was taken out of him, and he returned to jail without a word of protest.

Delmar was eager to know what happened to the other prisoners.

"They rounded themselves up and returned to jail, every man of them," the citizens reported.

"They are gentlemen," said Delmar, greatly relieved. "I'll stand treat to the crowd to-morrow."

III.

HALEY'S case was made an issue by the cattlemen, and they rallied to his support. A cowboy jury acquitted him of the charges of "shooting with intent to kill" and "resisting an officer of the law." They decided that he was harmlessly amusing himself by "having a little Fourth of July all by hisself," and as for resisting the officer, he didn't know who Delmar was, and so was not guilty of that.

On the night of Haley's release the town filled up with cowboys, and in "Charley's Place" a gang collected to celebrate their victory over Delmar, and to threaten the

sheriff with extinction. In the midst of it the door opened and Delmar walked in alone, looking very meek and mild in his black suit and white tie. He was apparently unarmed and perfectly serene. He called for a lemonade, and while it was being prepared turned to the amazed cowboys and said:

"Have all the fun you can, boys; but at midnight this place closes its doors and you leave town. Haley, I think the treat is on me. What will you have?"

Haley took a Chicago cocktail and grinned pleasantly.

"You done your duty, Cap, but I held better cards."

"I don't go back of the jury's verdict, Bill; but I notify you right now that when you resist arrest again you'll be meat for a coroner's jury."

"That's all right, Sheriff; I ain't a-monkeyin' with the buzz-saw twice in the same place."

It required courage to turn his back to these ruffians, but Delmar did it, and nothing was said till he closed the door behind him. Then Haley said:

"Say, boys, I like nerve, and that greaser sheriff has got it. If he didn't stand in with sheep men I'd say let him alone."

"He's got to be killed; he's too fresh," said Jim Tate. "If he comes fussin' 'round me I hand it to him, now you hear me! I won't have no greaser walkin' around on my neck."

"You better let him alone," persisted Haley. "He's a bad man to dodge. I know, for I tried it."

At twelve o'clock Dutch Charley nervously approached, and most apologetically explained: "Boys—I peg you vill oxcoose me—put dot Delmar has ordred me to glose up already. You must bull your freight right away. Sure ting, poys. I tondt vant no druck mit dot sheriff."

They grumbled and swore, but moved out one by one and rode away quietly. No one yelled or fired a gun till he was well out of town and safe.

Delmar met every test. He proved himself fearless and cool and adroit. No man ever got the drop on him. When he went after a criminal he got him. Twice he brought in his man in a blanket, and once the coroner's services were required. After that no cattleman openly spoke of resisting him, though a half-dozen began to plan his undoing in other ways. They opposed his reëlection, but without success. He held every Mexican vote in his hand, and added a few Democrats who were tired of lawlessness and wanted the county cleared of its cutthroats and robbers. Naturally, the sheep industry throve under his rule.

During his second term the opposition found its opportunity. Delmar had established a trading post on the neighboring Indian reservation, and found it necessary to spend a good deal of time there. The county was quiet, there were few prisoners, and with his brother as deputy, Delmar felt safe in leaving the county temporarily during the time when court was not in session, especially as he was always within call.

One morning just as the dawn was breaking, Tom Perez rode up to his trading post on a reeking, panting, trembling horse, bringing a message from Carlos, his brother.

"Come, quick as God'll let ye! Court meets to-morrow. The judge has declared the office of sheriff vacant, and has appointed Abe Snively to fill it. Hell's to pay."

Delmar had the blaze-face sorrel in game condition for just such emergencies as this, and in two minutes was mounted and riding south. San Felipe was seventy-five miles away, but just as the sun was setting he rode into the jail-yard, and his brother with shining face rushed to meet him.

"I'm glad to see you, old man. We haven't a minute to spare."

Within the jail Delmar found several of his most trusted friends among the Mexicans, and after a few minutes' talk with them each rode away in an opposite direction, without signs of haste, but with eves hot and lips firm-set.

In "Charley's Place" some seventy-five cowboys and cattlemen were gathered to celebrate their anticipated victory over "the greaser sheriff." The judge, a big slouch of a man, was playing "cinch" with the county attorney and Snively, the man they had united to make sheriff. They were all pretty drunk when Delmar walked in quietly, without hurry and without bluster. Every man in the room was his enemy, and every one was armed but himself. He moved straight toward the group at the table, and as he came their faces set in surprise and fear. His approach was as sinister as the movement of a wildcat, but his smoothly-shaven face was fair as a boy's, and his broad hat sat gracefully on his head. His small hands seemed to glisten like those of a woman, and his black suit suggested priests and undertakers.

The room was absolutely silent as he reached the table, and every word he spoke

could be heard in the farthest corner of the room.

"Judge Murdock, I understand you have declared the office of sheriff vacant. I give notice that I am still the Sheriff of Pima County, and will be until I am impeached by a jury of my peers and after a fair, open trial. I shall open court to-morrow morning." Turning, he said, "Boys, take a drink with me."

A few straggled hesitatingly up to the bar and drank. The others remained stupidly, sullenly silent.

Again Delmar turned his back and walked out with seventy-five armed and angry men behind him. His safety lay in the fact that he was unarmed.

IV.

THE court-room occupied one quarter of an adobe block. The jail formed the south half, and the northeast corner contained the judge's room and the jury-room. The building was one story high, and a piazza ran round the end and across the side of the court-room, which had three windows to the north and one window and a door to the east. It was filled with rude benches seating about one hundred people, and when Delmar and his brother Carl led the prisoners into the room next day, every seat was occupied by an armed retainer of the cattlemen. The room was noisy with the loud witticisms of these men, who were confident, jocular, and "aching for trouble."

Delmar found Snively in the sheriff's place. The judge was in his seat joking with the attorneys and trying to appear at ease. Delmar sent Carl into the prisoners' pen with his charges, and drawing a chair close beside Snively gently took a seat and fixed his penetrating glance upon the judge, who was chewing tobacco nervously while retaining his attitude of easy confidence.

At last, taking the bull by the horns, the judge turned and said in an affectedly easy tone, "Mr. Snively, open court."

Snively started to obey, but Delmar's small hand pressed upon his arm, and his menacing eyes pierced to the man's cowardly soul.

"If you move, I'll kill you," he said. Then he rose. As his tall form lifted, the door leading to the judge's room opened, as if upon signal, and twenty Mexicans with repeating rifles in their arms entered silently, two by two, and filed down the wall. Their swart faces were resolute, and their dark eyes were balefully agleam. As they lined up, elbow to elbow, the noise of hurrying feet on the porch outside arose. The cattlemen turned, and as they looked their faces grew gray with fear. Every window bristled with Winchesters, and in the doorway knelt Tom Perez and old Juan Mendoza with magazine guns ready, while over their shoulders peered three sinister and determined sheep-herders, their rifles at full cock. There was something appalling in the suddenness of this beleaguerment, but deadlier still was the look on the faces of these brown men. They were there to kill and to die if need be, and in their silence, their exaltation of bearing, the cattlemen saw annihilation. They were like rats in a trap. The Mexicans could pump them full of lead, killing them at ease and instantly.

The judge was no fool. He comprehended his danger and felt the power of the sheriff. His hands shook, and his face was like yellow paper as he looked to left and right. Not a word was spoken till Delmar, stepping before the bench began sternly to speak.

"Judge Murdock, you put up a plot to oust me. You declared the office of sheriff vacant, and appointed a man to fill the vacancy. I want to know by what right? I was elected sheriff by the people of Pima County. By what process of law did you remove me? Is there a line of ink as a record of an investigation or trial? Will you quote the statute by virtue of which you set me aside?"

After each question he waited for a reply, but none came. His voice rang through the room, which was perfectly silent save for the labored breathing of the excited men. The judge cowered on his bench, all his assumed complacency gone.

"I will not take my dismissal from a scoundrel of your stripe. You are a blackguard and a loafer. You are indictable at this minute for a dastardly crime. You left Arkansas between two days—but your career in this county is nearly ended. I will never rest till you leave here, the low-lived hound I know you to be." Then turning to the spectators he said, "I was elected Sheriff of Pima—I am sheriff now, and shall continue to be until removed by due process of law. *Oyez, Oyez*, the County Court of Common Pleas of Pima is now open."

Turning to Carl, he said, "Remove the prisoners."

Carl led his charges back to jail, and Delmar, taking his seat beside the appointee-

sheriff, waited the further action of the judge.

The Mexicans never for a moment relaxed their vigilance. Every Winchester remained at full cock, every hand was close upon the trigger—a word, a sign from Delmar, and the slaughter would begin—every cattleman knew it. The county attorney said in a low voice to the terrified magistrate:

"Dismiss the court, you fool!"

The judge looked around him at the rifles, at Delmar, at the empty prisoners' dock, and at last in a weak, flat, dry voice said:

"The court is adjourned till to-morrow morning."

"Open up, boys, but keep your guard!" called Delmar to the men at the door. "Keep the drop on every man."

They opened up, and slowly, almost sedately, the cattlemen and their hustlers filed out and down the street. Delmar was in command of the empty court-room.

V.

THE cowboys withdrew to the mesa above the town, and there intrenched themselves. All the inhabitants of that end of the village fled to Delmar, reporting many threats uttered by the cattlemen, who had entered the saloons and were carrying away liquor. Battle seemed unavoidable.

Mounted on a fine black horse, and totally unarmed, Delmar rode up the street and began climbing the hill—one man against a hundred. The women moaned and prayed, and the men stood on the roofs of the houses watching, expecting each moment to see a white puff of smoke and—but the black horse climbed steadily up and up, and at last stood upon the level ground.

A group of men rode forward from the cattlemen's camp and met the sheriff. Hutchison, of the "Double Arrow," was among the group, but Snively was spokesman.

"What do you want here?" he asked angrily.

Delmar ignored him. "Mr. Hutchison," he said politely and calmly, "I ask your aid to help dispose of this mob of armed men. Some of them are your hired hands, others are your friends. As sheriff of the county, I order you to proceed quietly to your homes."

Hutchison remained silent with his eyes on the ground, and leaving him and Snively behind him, Delmar rode straight toward the camp. His body was curiously numb, and the skin of his cheeks felt stiff and dry, but his head was clear. As he rode up, several reckless ruffians drew their revolvers, but their companions beat them down with warning oaths.

Delmar lifted his voice: "Boys, you are unlawfully assembled and likely to make trouble. As Sheriff of the County of Pima, I order you to disperse."

A chorus of scornful outcries answered him, and when he spoke again his voice came through set teeth.

"I give you just one hour to clear this mesa; at the end of that time I will clear it at the mouths of a hundred Winchesters."

Turning his horse, he rode away slowly. He did not put his horse to the gallop till he reached the street level.

Meanwhile the word had gone out to all the ranches that war had come, and the Mexicans, hatless, with trousers rolled to the knees, and stained with mud of the fields, came trotting into town. Nearly every man owned a gun (a weapon was considered one of the prime necessities of life), and all were ready to charge the hill at the word of command.

Delmar, seated upon his horse, with his eyes upon the mob, looked often at his watch, and spoke often to say, "Wait, wait," to his excited little army. Between two such mobs the slaughter would be appalling. One by one he swore in his deputies, until nearly eighty men of all ages but of equal bravery were assembled at his back.

About fifteen minutes before the hour was up a squad of the cattlemen drew apart from the rest and swept down upon the town, howling like wolves.

"Hide. Hunt your holes. Don't fire till I tell you," shouted Delmar.

Instantly the main body of his supporters disappeared, leaving him in the middle of the street, but every chimney-pot seemed to sprout a shining steel tube.

The reckless cowboys swept round in a wide circle through the edge of the town. Twice they crossed the main street, and seeing no one but Delmar and Tom Perez and Carl, they came to a halt and shouted:

"Come and take us, you —— greaser!"

Delmar held up his hand, and all about him the clicking of locks that followed his movement was like the sounds of hidden insects.

"You are covered by eighty guns. Fire one shot, and not one of you will breathe another breath." His voice was not loud, but it reached and made them pause and

confer. Some of them were still for fight, but others said, "He's called our bluff; let's skin back up the hill."

"Four to one is too many—and us mounted. I'm for retreat."

As they were slowly withdrawing, one of them raised a shout and pointed to the mesa top. A band of fifteen cattlemen led by Hutchison on his pinto pony were riding away. The mob was beginning to disintegrate. By the time the bluffing party reached the mesa top, only a half-dozen remained, and they were preparing to leave. Haley and Hutchison had each said, "Boys, I'm done. Delmar holds the most cards. Not only now, but hereafter. He's boss—and I like his grit. I'm going home, and you politicians can fight your own battles with the sheriff. Good evening."

That night a coyote clamored in hunger and fear round the deserted camp of the cattlemen. Their power was broken.

Hutchison, riding homeward, met an old gray-haired Mexican, trotting along with a shot-gun in his arms, his eyes agleam.

"Where are you going?" asked Hutchison.

"I hear Andy is having a fight," replied the old man, breathing hard, "and I am hurrying for fear I shall miss it."

Hutchison turned to Haley:

"We can't whip a man who commands men like that. He's right and we're wrong. That's what's the matter with us. We cattlemen are on the losing side. I'm going to quit."

THE VANQUISHED.

By Paul Kester.

SHALL those
Who have not known temptation
Wear the crown
Denied to those
Who battled even if they fell,
Who knew
And chose
The good, and strove
To conquer for its sake?

When they are vanquished,
Shall we heap
Reproaches on them—
Shall we say,
"See, they were sinful,
Let them die—
Bind not their wounds,
They have offended God"?
O Pharisees!

Ape-like Mukonjo.
Blackish skin.

Ape-like type, Munande.
Yellowish skin.

Pygmy woman.
4 feet 1½ inches in height.

THE PYGMIES OF THE GREAT CONGO FOREST.

By Sir Harry H. Johnston, K.C.B.,

Special Commissioner for Uganda, British East Africa, the discoverer of the Okapi.

Illustrated with Drawings from Photographs taken by Sir Harry Johnston.

In the recesses of the great Congo Forest have been discovered two tribes of men, the most backward in their development from lower forms of all the savage races of the Dark Continent. The following article is an account of their appearance, modes of life, and speech, together with some vastly suggestive theories of their descent from the prehistoric invaders of Africa from Asia.

THE INFLUENCE OF A GREAT FOREST ON THE EVOLUTION OF MAN.

THE great Congo Forest of West-Central Africa must undoubtedly be regarded as a very important factor in the past history of Africa. By "history" I do not mean the record of man's doings only, or of the progress of the civilized races of men, whose adventures chronicled by writing have narrowed the use of the word to records of the progress of humanity during, let us say, seven thousand years, a mere half minute in the hour of man's existence. For not only in the "prehistoric" movements of man, but also in the preceding migrations of great beasts and anthropoid apes, has this mighty forest checked and deflected the distribution of species, or received into its bosom hunted, defenseless forms, which have thus been enabled (as in the case of the Okapi) to linger on into the present day.

Before, therefore, I proceed further with my description of remarkable negro types which are to be found on the eastern limits of this forested region, it may be well if I define clearly the area of forested Africa at the present day. Roughly speaking, the whole basin of the Congo, the enormous area of relatively low-lying land (once possibly the site of inland seas or of an extension of the ocean), is a region of dense forest. On the southwest the forest stretches, with here and there a break, over to the upper waters of the Zambesi River, and on the northeast it overlaps the Nile watershed, the southwestern fringe of which is covered with forest that spreads uninterruptedly from the Congo. In countries to the east, and even here and there near the littoral of the Indian Ocean, patches of primeval forest exist which scarcely differ from that of the Congo. It is possible, therefore, that the whole of Africa south of the northern tropic may once have been one continuous primeval forest.

Certain regions, however, on the north and south, and, above all, in the eastern half of the continent, proved less capable, from conditions of soil or moisture, to support this growth of vegetation. In these regions the great mammals that invaded Africa during the Pliocene Epoch, through Southern Asia and Arabia, found less resistance to their progress, and conditions, such as the growth of grasses, more favorable to

the development of herbivores; while, of course, the great carnivorous animals could exist only where the big vegetarian beasts would thrive. The mighty forests still existed, however—existed, possibly, with small interruptions, right across the continent from west to east. They, therefore, received into their safe recesses the anthropoid apes, and the more timid and defenseless mammals of large size, which in the more open country would have been completely exterminated. The anthropoid apes had, no doubt, been driven away from Western Asia and Southern Europe by their successful compeer and offshoot man, who can have been the only serious enemy of these ancestors of the gorilla, chimpanzee, and orangutan.

Some long while after the scared chimpanzees and gorillas had found a secure refuge in the dense woods of West-Central Africa, the earliest types of humanity who had entered the Dark Continent were also pushed toward this gloomy forest by the inroads of superior tribes, and some of their descendants exist there at the present day.

Short-legged type of negro from Semliki forest (Mubvanuma).

THE ANCESTORS OF THE APE-LIKE MEN.

It may be assumed as the most probable of all the theories on the subject that the human type emerged from the ape somewhere in Asia, possibly in Southern Asia, inasmuch as the real missing link, *Pithecanthropus erectus*, has been discovered fossil in Java. In any case, early man appears to have had an immense development in and around the Indian Peninsula, and possibly there or thereabouts developed the three main types which he exhibits at the present day—the Mongolian, the Caucasian, and the Negro. The pressure of superior races drove the negro types out of Southern Asia eastward to the Andamans, Malacca, New Guinea, the Pacific Islands, and Tasmania; and westward across Baluchistan, Mesopotamia, and Arabia to Africa. The first type of negro which entered Africa from the north was probably very simian in appearance, and but little changed descendants of this earliest type may probably be seen at the present day in the ape-like people discovered, or rather noticed for the first time publicly, by Messrs. Grogan and Sharpe, and by myself, on the eastern borders of the Congo Forest, and in similar low types to be found here and there among the negroes of the southern Congo basin; also perhaps in the wild mountain country to the north of the River Benue, and elsewhere in Western Africa.

This ape-like type in the Uganda Protectorate and in the adjoining districts of the Congo Free State is represented by a sort of pariah tribe called the Ba-nande. These people are not definitely organized into a tribe, but hang about the fringe of other communities. They speak the languages or dialects of the better-looking people who are nearest to them. Some of these ape-like men have skins of a dirty yellowish-brown. The head-hair is black and thick. Beard, mustache, and whiskers are fairly abundant. The eyes are deep-set, and the overhung brow-ridge is extremely marked. The upper lip is long, and neither of the lips is so much everted as in the ordinary negro. The body is covered nearly all over by a fine yellowish down, not apparent at any great distance, but tending to accentuate the yellow appearance of the skin. There is great prognathism, and the chin is weak and retreating. They appear to be rather stupid, timid, and unintelligent. They live in very rude habitations of boughs and leaves, and spend their time chiefly hunting and trapping small mammals. They also live a good deal on honey and bee-grubs. It would seem, however, on the western flanks of Ruwenzori, and in the forests northwest of the Semliki River, as though superior races had occupied the country once given over to the ape-like type, and had mixed with this inferior people, so that the ape-like physiognomy may crop out again and again in races whose average numbers exhibit a higher type of feature and figure.

THE DESCENDANTS OF THE PYGMIES OF HERODOTUS.

The Congo Forest also shelters within its recesses at the present day those curious

pygmy negroes who appear to be connected distantly with the Bushmen of South Africa. These pygmies were in all probability well known to the ancient Egyptians. Traders and slave traders who journeyed up the Nile from Egypt in ancient days, and who brought back curious beasts from the black man's country, also returned with specimens of these little dwarfs. The pygmies also are written about by Herodotus, as everybody knows. The "cranes" with whom they fought were probably the ostriches of the Sudan. Persistent stories have been circulated from time to time of the existence of pygmy races or pygmy types in the forests of the Atlas Mountains in Northwest Africa. Still more remarkable, fossil remains in Sicily, Sardinia, and the Pyrenees would seem to indicate the existence in Mediterranean Europe at one time of a negrito type, and a rude statuette found in the Pyrenees, and attributed to the Stone Age, would seem to show that these pygmies lingered on long after the invasion of the country by superior races.

Measuring the height of a pygmy. The Englishman is 5 feet 11 inches—the pygmy, 4 feet 6 inches.

AN HISTORICAL EXPLANATION OF THE GNOMES AND DWARFS OF FOLK-LORE.

Other dwarf races of humanity, belonging to the white or the Mongolian species, may have inhabited Northern Europe in ancient times, or it is just possible that this type of pygmy negro which survives to-day in the recesses of inner Africa may even have overspread Europe in remote times. If it did, then the conclusion is irresistible that it gave rise to most of the myths and beliefs connected with gnomes, kobolds, and fairies. The demeanor and actions of the little Congo dwarfs at the present day remind one over and over again of the traits attributed to the brownies and goblins of our fairy stories. Their remarkable power of becoming invisible by adroit hiding in herbage and behind rocks, their probable habits in sterile or open countries of making their homes in holes and caverns, their mischievousness and their prankish good nature, all seem to suggest that it was some race like this which inspired most of the stories of Teuton and Celt regarding a dwarfish people of quasi-supernatural attributes. The dwarfs of the Congo Forest can be good or bad neighbors to the big black people according to the treatment they receive. If their elfish depredations on the banana groves or their occasional thefts of tobacco or maize are condoned, or even if they are conciliated by small gifts of such food left exposed where it can be easily taken, they will in return leave behind them in their nightly visitations gifts of meats and products of the chase, such as skins or ivory. I have been informed by some of the forest negroes that the dwarfs will occasionally steal their children, and put in their places pygmy babies of ape-like appearance—changelings, in fact—bringing up the children they have stolen in the dwarf tribe. These collections of pygmies, which one can scarcely call tribes, certainly exhibit from time to time individuals of ordinary stature, and with features not strongly resembling those of the pygmy type.

TWO TYPES OF DWARFS.

The Congo pygmies appear to be divisible into two types, according to my own observations and to those of preceding travelers —one with a reddish or yellowish-brown skin and a tendency to red in the head-hair, and the other a black-skinned type with entirely black head-hair. It is possible that the original type of dwarf had a dirty brown skin, and a tendency to red both in the body and head-hair, and that this type mingled

anciently with the first true negro invaders of the forest—a people with decidedly black skins—and produced a black type of dwarf, which now seems to exist conjointly with the red or yellow pygmy; that is to say, in the same family of pygmies there may be both types. In stature, perhaps, the black type tends to be slightly taller than the other. The tallest specimen of pygmy measured by me or by my assistants was about five feet in height; but the average altitude for men was four feet seven inches, and for women four feet two inches. Several of the men measured by me were only four feet two inches in height. One adult woman was just under four feet. There are two features which markedly distinguish these dwarfs from other negroes—the shape of the nose, and the long upper lip. The nose has a very low bridge, and is exceedingly broad. The upper lip, besides being long and prognathous, is not so much everted as in the ordinary negro. The chin is very weak and receding. The neck is short, and the head is sunk rather between the shoulders, though not so markedly as in the ape-like types referred to in the first part of this article. The legs are short in proportion to the body, though they are usually sturdy little limbs. The feet are rather large, and much inclined to turn in, with the big toes pointing inward when they are brought together in a standing attitude. Hair on the face is present in many of the dwarfs. Some of the dwarfs have distinctly long beards, but I have myself seen only one with a beard of six inches in length. Belgians and Arabs who have traveled through the Congo forests have, however, assured me that they have met dwarfs at times who possessed beards of considerable length. The hair on the body is really of two kinds. There is, first, in many of the dwarfs—men and women—a survival in the adult of that hair which appears in the fetus in all human races, a soft brownish down. In addition to this survival of prehuman hair, the dwarfs possess, very often markedly, a development of hair that is peculiarly associated with the human species—namely, a fairly thick growth over the chest and stomach, in the arm-pits, and in the pubic region; also on the arms and legs. It is on the under parts of the body, curiously enough, that apes and monkeys tend to a decrease of hair. It is therefore somewhat curious that where body-hair most frequently appears in the human race, it should be so often on the under side of the body, where (especially in the slightly stooping attitude which early man assumed) the hair is of less protection to the skin from the rain than if it grew on the back. In the pygmies this human body-hair on the chest and stomach is black or blackish-brown, and curly, like the hair of the head.

The dwarfs seldom wear anything in the way of ornament, and go about in their forests quite naked; but when in contact with negroes who wear a certain amount of clothing, the dwarfs will put on an apron of leaves or bark-cloth sufficient to serve the purposes of decency. Their ears are not pierced. The only esthetic adornment which they appear to adopt is the piercing of two holes in the upper lip. (This can be clearly seen in the head and bust of a dwarf woman.) Into the punctures they insert flowers, teeth, or porcupine quills.

HOW THEY LIVE IN THE FOREST.

The dwarfs are excessively shy in the forest, and are only visited with the greatest difficulty. They usually seem at the present day to attach themselves in their communities to the outskirts of the tribes of big negroes, with whom they usually enter into friendly relations. For a white man to see them in their homes, it requires that one of these big negroes who is in friendly relations with the pygmies should go out into the forest and call to them loudly and repeatedly before a pygmy has sufficient confidence to show himself. Once their confidence is gained they will, no doubt, come in numbers. Even then it is extremely difficult to make inquiries of them concerning their life and customs.

The Congo pygmies keep no domestic animals, and do not practise agriculture. They live entirely by hunting, and eat the flesh of monkeys, of almost all other beasts and birds which they capture in their snares or shoot with their arrows; and they also feed on certain grubs, on honey, and on the bee-grubs found in the honeycomb. They range the forests far and wide, indifferent whether they lose their way or not, since they sleep and feed in the forests, and are in a sense always at home. Seemingly they have only known the use of metal (iron) by their contact with negroes of superior race. Before this contact they seem to have used weapons and implements of wood, possibly also of stone. Even at the present day they not infrequently use wooden arrows.

Their huts are about four feet high and about four feet in diameter, and are usually

built of withes or branches stuck into the ground at both ends, in a semicircle. Over this framework of bent boughs a thatch of large leaves is laid on, and a small hole is left at the side, through which the little pygmy crawls in to lie on his bed of leaves. The husband and wife (they seldom marry more than one wife) may share the same hut, but the children as soon as they have left the breast are put each into little huts by themselves. Some of these tiny habitations are absurdly small.

NO LANGUAGE OF THEIR OWN.

The dwarfs appear to have no language of their own, but simply to talk more or less imperfectly the tongue of the big negroes who are their nearest neighbors. Thus the dwarfs whom Stanley encountered on his various journeys across Congoland were always found to be speaking corrupt Bantu dialects, or in one instance a language scarcely differing from Manyema. Their pronunciation of these languages is imperfect, and they are much given to replacing certain consonants by little gasps, and sometimes by a sound which faintly recalls the South African click. They speak with a singularly musical intonation, their speech being almost intoned. Their pronunciation of words is rather staccato, each syllable being pronounced separately and distinctly. They are very fond of singing and dancing, and the little songs that they croon are distinctly melodious, while spectators are kept in fits of laughter by their truly droll and elfish antics. When they give a musical performance they are fond of seating themselves in a semicircle. In their own homes, on these occasions, they beat drums, which are made of sections of hollow trees covered with skin. While thus seated, and beating drums, they chant songs, and dance, so to speak, all over their bodies, striking the ground with their elbows and hips, knees and hands, wagging their heads, and heaving their stomachs up and down. The dances which they perform upright are sometimes of a markedly indelicate kind, though the dwarfs seem only to be carrying out the ancient traditions.

The most primitive musical instrument. Mbuba negro playing on a string.

IMITATIVE AND ADAPTIVE.

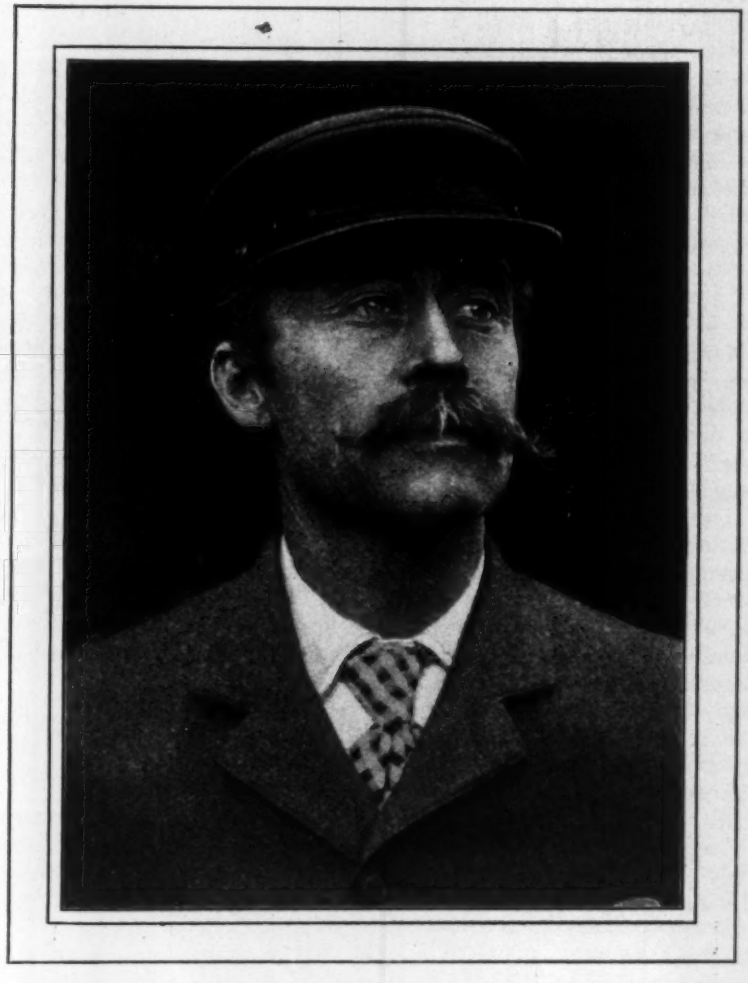
The Congo dwarfs, though they may exhibit ape-like features in their bodies, and though in their natural life they are absolutely savage, display nevertheless a certain alertness which gives one the impression that they possess quicker intelligence and a greater adaptability of mind than the ordinary big negro. They are admirable mimics. They learn languages easily, though they may speak them with a defective pronunciation. The little dwarf women readily attach themselves to negroes of the big races, and make affectionate and dutiful wives. When Captain (now General Sir Frederic) Lugard journeyed through the Semliki forests, the Sudanese soldiers by whom he was accompanied brought away with them several dwarf women whom they married. It used to be an amusing sight to see husband and wife together, the husband perhaps six feet in stature and broad in proportion, and the little wife four feet only, and disproportionately broad.

AN IMPORTATION OF DWARFS INTO THIS COUNTRY.

American readers of this magazine may be interested to learn that it is possible there still exist at the present day traces of African dwarf races in the negro population of the West Indies. This, at any rate, was the case forty or fifty years ago. There is a tradition to the effect that among the slaves shipped from the Congo regions at the end of the eighteenth century were specimens of dwarf races from the far interior. In Trinidad and some of the southern islands of the West Indies these little people remained for a time distinct from the other slaves, and people of my acquaintance still living have seen and spoken to them. They were recognized at the time as being quite distinct from the ordinary negro type, and were generally known as the "Congo Dwarfs."

LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY.

From his latest photograph. Taken by Dr. F. A. Cook last summer at Cape Sabine.



ROBERT E. PEARY AND HIS CAMPAIGN FOR THE POLE.

By Sturgis B. Rand.

Illustrated by Photographs taken Last Summer by Dr. F. A. Cook at Cape Sabine, where Peary is at present encamped.

THE other day a letter came out of the white north bringing tidings of bold deeds and new worlds conquered. It was written by Lieutenant Robert E. Peary in a forlorn, snow-banked hut on the shores of a frozen sea within less than 600 miles of the North Pole. Though dated at the close of the dreaded winter-long night of the arctic regions, when most men's spirits are at the lowest ebb of disheartenment, it bore the unmistakable note of buoyancy—a grim cheerfulness of the kind that, in men of action, rises to challenge every added responsibility and danger. The results of a year's exploration were chronicled in three short paragraphs. Each reported a feat never before accomplished by man. To quote Mr. Peary himself, these results (of the year 1900) were:

"First. The rounding of the northern limit of the Greenland archipelago, the most northerly known land in the world, probably the most northerly land.

"Second. The highest latitude yet at-

tained in the Western Hemisphere (83 degrees 50 north).

"Third. The determination of the origin of the so-called paleocrystic ice (floe berg)."

The writer continues: "Considering that I am an old man, have one broken leg and only three toes, and that my starting-point was Etah, I feel that this was doing tolerably well. It seems fitting that this event, the discovery of the insularity of Greenland, characterized by Sir Clements Markham as second in importance only to the attainment of the Pole itself, should fall in the closing year of the century."

Peary did not win these prizes without working for them. If he is old at forty-five, the years spent within the arctic circle have aged him, for he has lived and worked longer in the far north than any other white man. He was the pioneer who inspired the present wide interest in polar research, his first expedition on the then untrodden ice-cap of Greenland, made more than fifteen years ago (in 1886), having encouraged Nansen to embark on the polar work which has since yielded such important results. Baldwin received his arctic training with Peary, and all the recent expeditions have profited much by his experience and conclusions. Most polar explorers lose their enthusiasm after one campaign. Peary has led four expeditions, and has made seven voyages into arctic seas. Most explorers have been equipped and supported by their governments or by institutions, or newspapers; but Peary, unaided except by his wife, raised nearly all the large funds necessary for his first three expeditions. And he has gone forward in the face of every reverse: a broken leg could not turn him back, nor could the loss of seven toes by freezing, nor the dissensions that nearly caused the failure of one of his expeditions, nor the sinking of one of his ships with all on board, nor a narrow escape from starvation on the Greenland ice-cap—and now, though he has been in the frozen north continuously more than four years, he is determined to crown his life work with the greatest achievement remaining to the explorer. He says in concluding that notable letter of April 4th: "If I do not capture the Pole itself in this spring campaign, I shall try it again next spring."

We now know that he failed again in "this spring campaign" (that is, the campaign of 1901). It must have been bitterly disheartening, yet the supply expedition which visited him last summer (1901) found him invincibly determined to "try it again next spring" (1902).

This winter (1901–02), Peary is camped beneath the bleak cliffs of Cape Sabine, within a mile of the spot where nearly all the members of Greeley's expedition of 1881–83 slowly perished by starvation and cold. He is living in a ship's house taken from the "Windward," and banked up with snow until it resembles the igloo of an Eskimo. Indeed, he is living among the Eskimos and in the Eskimo way; it is his belief that experience has taught these natives the best methods of dressing, house-building, and traveling in the far north. An important part of his work for years has been the careful study of the life and habits of the Eskimos, so that he now speaks their language perfectly, knows as well as they the difficult art of dog-team driving, throws a harpoon with precision, and is able to subsist, if necessary, on walrus and seal meat. He has with him two men besides the natives; the first, a negro body servant, Matt Henson by name, whose personal devotion to the explorer has carried him through the most trying arctic experiences; the second, Charles Percy, a white cook and campman from Newfoundland. They are now in the full darkness and cold of the winter night, but with the return of the sun in March (1902) Peary will start northward, making his last "dash" for the Pole; his wife has a promise from him that he will not go again. He has established caches of provisions at intervals along the shores of Smith Sound (see map), Kennedy Channel, and Robeson Channel, to Cape Hecla on the shores of Lincoln Sea, less than one degree (sixty-nine miles) south of the "farthest north" made by Lockwood in 1882. At Fort Conger alone, the most northerly house in the world, he has fourteen tons of provisions. He expects to take with him a large number of dogs, a party of Eskimos, and, as a companion, Matt Henson. The Newfoundlander will be left behind to care for the camp. The trip along the coast 300 miles northward to the shore of Lincoln Sea, while difficult, will be merely preparatory. The "dash" will begin at Cape Hecla (see map), about 500 miles from the Pole itself (the distance being a little greater than that from New York to Pittsburg). But it will be over an untrodden waste of shifting ice, with many channels of open water; and while Peary has twice traveled much farther from his base of supplies in the interior of Greenland, he has never met the difficulties which will confront him here.

As he advances he will send back his Eskimos from time to time, until he and Matt Henson, with one Eskimo, are alone with the sledges and the dogs, and thus they will rush to the northward; for they must reach the Pole and get back within three months, before the summer sun softens the ice and snow too much for easy sledging. As their food gives out they will feed the weaker dogs to the other members of the team, so that before their return they may have only a single dog remaining, and they may be compelled to eat this last dog and come in dragging their sledge. Next June (1902) the relief ship of the Arctic Club will sail again from New York with Mrs. Peary to meet the explorer at or near Cape Sabine, and return with him in September. Not till then will the world know whether the Pole has at last been reached.

MATT HENSON, PEARY'S NEGRO ASSISTANT.

Those who are best informed on arctic work believe Lieutenant Peary's plans have been wisely laid; yet, even with his great experience, the difficulties and dangers to be surmounted are so stupendous that few really expect success. As one remarked: "If it were not Peary, and we did not know his indomitable courage and determination, I should say the chances of reaching the Pole were small." But Peary has succeeded before where all prophecy was against him, and being the man he is, he may succeed again. It is always the human element that refuses to be bounded.

Peary's birthright in itself marked him for hardy deeds. Though born in Pennsylvania (May 6, 1856), where his father resided temporarily, he comes of an old family of Maine lumbermen, an active, adventurous, out-door stock of French-Anglo-Saxon origin, which has produced so many stout New England seamen, soldiers, and pioneers. And with his name, which is plainly a modification of the French Pierre, Lieutenant Peary has inherited somewhat of the peculiar Gallic imagination and high-spiritedness, though both are held finely in check as well as reënforced by the solid common sense, constructive capacity, and determination of the Anglo-Saxon. When Lieutenant Peary was three years old, his father having died, his mother returned to Maine, settling among her friends in Portland. Here the boy grew up. With the sea on one side of him he learned how to swim and row and sail, and he absorbed, unconsciously as a boy will, the deep knowledge of the ways of the tide and the wind on a stormy shore. With the woods and the fields also near at hand, he became a sturdy walker, an explorer of his little hills, a steady shot, a close observer and collector of birds, beetles, and flowers. From all accounts he was a solid, wholesome, natural boy, not precocious and not unusual, except perhaps in his devotion to natural history and in his love of out-door life. Also, as more than one of his early friends informed me, he was singularly thorough and persevering in everything he attempted, a characteristic to which he owes much of his later success. George T. Little, an old-time friend, speaking of his accomplishments as a taxidermist, says:

"He always took great pains in mounting the birds he shot in a life-like posture. He told me with some pride that, although an amateur, he was unlike some professional taxidermists, ready to stuff birds of whose habits and attitudes they know nothing."

He was graduated from Bowdoin College at the age of twenty-one, the winner of several scholarships, and second in a class of

fifty-one, besides being especially proficient in mathematics and engineering. He was also a prize essayist. He took part in all sorts of college sports, his friends recalling especially his ability as a runner and jumper. The members of his arctic parties say that he was always far and away the best and most enduring walker of every expedition. His mother, a woman of notable strength of character, exerted a great influence on the development of her only son. She went to college with him, and made him a home where his friends were always welcome. For years, indeed, when most boys are out in the world, she was his closest companion and confidant.

Following the close of his college career, Peary astonished his friends by secluding himself among the mountains of Maine, where, in the little town of Fryeburg, he hung out his shingle as a land surveyor. From all accounts, there was really no surveying to be done, but Peary tramped the hills, studied the birds and the trees, surveyed and carefully platted a large part of the Franconian Mountains, and kept his own councils. And always he was adding, though unconsciously, to his equipment as an arctic explorer.

In 1879, at the age of twenty-three, he secured a place in the Coast and Geodetic Survey at Washington, where his work consisted largely in the making of maps. One day, after two years of this employment, he mysteriously rented a room in a neighboring street, and spent several weeks preparing for an examination which was soon to be held by the Navy Department for the admission of civil engineers. Out of forty men who took the difficult examination, Peary was the youngest of the four who passed: he was appointed a member of the Navy Department with the rank of lieutenant.

In the first year of his service (1881) it fell to his fortune to report on plans for a new pier at Key West, Florida, which the contractors had given up as impossible of construction at the estimated cost. The young engineer reported not only that its construction was feasible, but that it could be built for at least $25,000 less than the estimate. The Secretary of the Navy directed Peary to build the pier himself, though such a commission to an engineer so little tried was unusual. In the course of the work Peary fell ill with yellow fever, but day after day he had himself rolled out in a wheel-chair to the shore, where he could direct the builders. And though failure had been confidently predicted, the pier was built, and at a saving of nearly $30,000. This brilliant success at the very beginning of his career sent the young engineer to Nicaragua as sub-chief of the Inter-Oceanic Canal Survey, where he acquired experience of the utmost value to him in his future arctic work: he learned to manage men, half-civilized men at that; he gained experience in equipping expeditions, in making camp un-

Matt Henson.

PEARY'S ESKIMO COLONY.

der adverse conditions, in traversing wild and unexplored country; in short, he learned pioneering, the ability of taking care of himself in the most hostile environments.

Up to the time of his return from Nicaragua, in 1885, the idea of arctic exploration had never occurred to him. But the soil was now ripe and the seed was ready.

"One evening," he writes, "in one of my favorite haunts, an old book-store in Washington, I came upon a fugitive paper on the Inland Ice of Greenland. A chord, which as a boy had vibrated intensely in me at the reading of Kane's wonderful book, was touched again. I read all I could upon the subject, noted the conflicting experiences of Nordenskjold, Jensen, and the rest, and felt that I must see for myself what the truth was of this great mysterious interior."

At that time no one had ever attempted to explore the vast unknown interior of Greenland: no one knew whether Greenland was an island or a part of a great polar continent. Peary outlined a plan for an expedition in a paper read before the National Academy of Sciences, but it is characteristic of him that he should go forward on his own responsibility and execute his own plans. Having obtained a leave of absence from the Navy Department, he left for Greenland in May (1886). Though the expedition was intended only as a preliminary reconnoissance, Peary succeeded in penetrating more than 100 miles, for the first time reaching the real interior plateau of unchanging arctic snow. Indeed, no white man had ever before attained so great an elevation on the Greenland ice, and none had penetrated so far into the interior. This reconnoissance, though brief, for Peary was absent from Washington barely six months, added much to the world's knowledge, besides enabling Peary to outline practical plans for future explorations, with suggested routes for crossing Greenland.

Peary was not, however, destined to follow out immediately his plans for further exploration. Indeed, he was to suffer the bitter regret of seeing his work forestalled, his plans carried out by another—for two years later Greenland was crossed for the first time by Nansen. Interest in the Nicaragua Canal having now revived, Peary devoted nearly two years as engineer in charge of the surveys, after which he was sent (in 1888) to superintend the building of the new dry dock at the League Island Navy Yard in Philadelphia. In this year he married Miss Josephine Diebitsch, who was to exercise an important influence upon his future work. In all this time his projects for further arctic exploration employed every brief interval of leisure in his exacting navy work; he was studying the questions of equipment and transportation, which really determine the success of every expedition.

At last he was ready for a serious and extended expedition. Perhaps no man who ever sailed the polar seas was more thoroughly prepared in every respect. The first and most important of an arctic explorer's equipment is his own physical strength and health. In the very prime of life, Peary was as perfect physically as it is ever given to a man to be. Always a prodigious worker, no excesses had impaired his strength. The first time I saw him he reminded me strongly of the young Sioux braves of the Northwest. Standing more than six feet tall, he had the Indian swiftness, softness, and lightness of step; slender, he had the Indian bigness of chest that suggested "wind," and the leanness of flank of the Indian runner. Without giving an impression of special strength, he was all muscle and sinew, unencumbered by an ounce of superfluous weight. Peary had the typical gray eyes of the sure-shooting Western plainsman; a high, fine forehead, and a determined chin. He impressed me, as I find he impresses most people, as a man of few words, and these singularly well chosen. He knew just what he wanted, and went about getting it briskly. Peary has that rare possession of favored men of action, an apparently boundless reserve force. Dr. Frederick Cook, the surgeon of two of his expeditions, told me that Peary's endurance always seemed endless. The accounts of his expeditions contain many instances in which, after all the other men were completely exhausted and disheartened, the strength and nervous energy of their leader seemed to lift up and carry forward the whole burden of the work, to inspire and enliven the weary men and make impossibility possible. And that spirit of indomitability, the capacity for effort beyond the strength and courage of other men, are the unmistakable qualities of the great leader; such a spirit is only piqued by danger. "I think," said a member of one of his parties to me, "he loved to meet emergencies."

A leader of this sort commands the devotion of his followers, even though he be silent and perhaps cold. For he is completely trusted. Many who know Peary have marveled at his influence over men. It is nothing more nor less than the simple

qualities of earnestness, and the determination of the man who, having a clearly defined plan, is calmly prepared to overturn heaven or earth to carry it through. And he is as successful with the busy millionaire to whom he goes for money as he is with the half-savage Eskimos, the same Eskimos whom early explorers reported dangerously treacherous, now Peary's friends and faithful followers. If Peary ever erred in his leadership, it has been on the side of the splendid self-sufficiency which needs no advice and asks no sympathy. Having his purpose clearly in mind, his men, perhaps, come to be to him too much like instruments, to be used with cold precision to the accomplishment of certain purposes clearly perceived by the master mind.

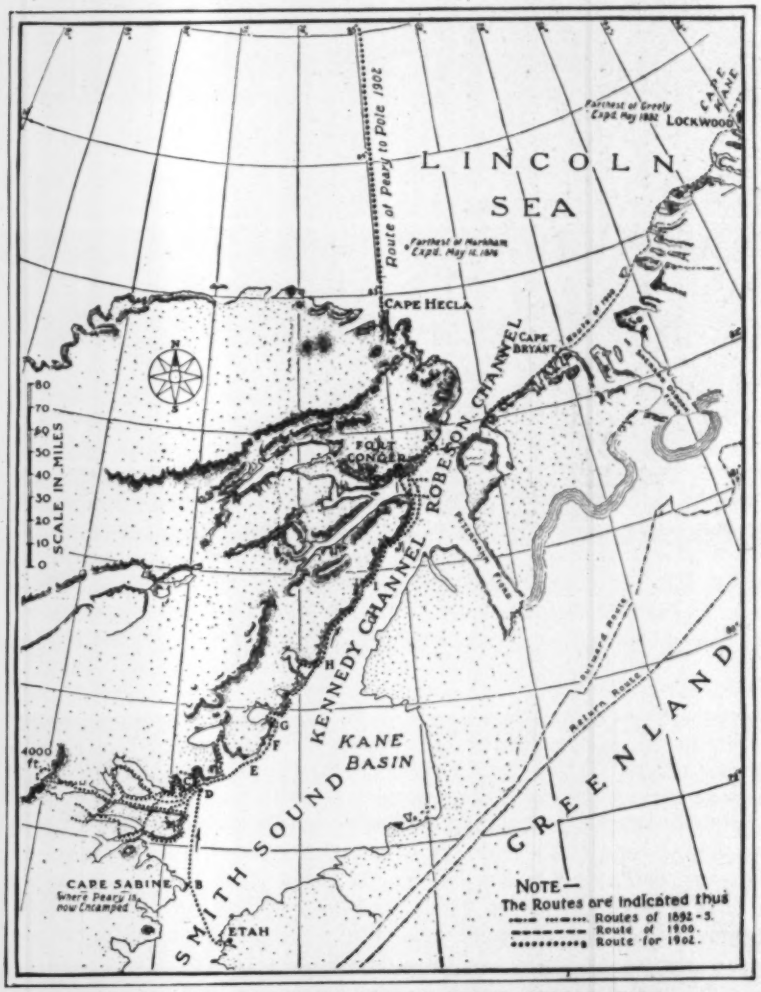
And this was the man who prepared in 1891 to discover the northern limits of Greenland, and perhaps to reach the Pole. Briefly outlining his plans, he presented them before a number of societies and institutions, and succeeded in obtaining several contributions, to which he added all his own savings, and with some additional assistance from his immediate friends, he was able to charter a vessel; and having obtained an eighteen

LIEUTENANT R. E. PEARY AND HIS DAUGHTER MARIE (ANIGHITO—THE "SNOW BABY," BORN IN GREENLAND, 1893).

From a photograph taken by Dr. F. A. Cook at Cape Sabine.

months' leave of absence from the Secretary of the Navy, he set sail in June, 1891, accompanied by Mrs. Peary and a small party. At the very outset he was stricken down by an accident that would have sent most men back to their homes. An ice-floe, striking the ship's rudder, drove the pilot wheel against his leg, snapping the bones. Dr. Cook promptly set the fracture, and Peary was strapped to a board; and though the pain caused by the jarring of the ship as it pounded through the ice was excruciating, the explorer insisted on going forward without delay. Establishing his headquarters in McCormick Bay, he directed the construction of a comfortable house and prepared for the expedition across Greenland. With the return of the sun in the spring of 1892, Peary, whose leg was now healed, set off with a single companion, Astrup, for the long journey across the great ice of Greenland, an expedition which the explorer well calls the "White March." All winter long he had been preparing, and his sledges were of the strongest and lightest, his equipments the smallest compatible with safety, and his dogs, twenty in all, of the best. It was a most remarkable journey. To appreciate it even faintly, one must understand something of what the interior of Greenland is like. Peary himself has given a vivid description:

"The interior of Greenland is simply an elevated, unbroken plateau of snow, lifted from 5,000 to 8,000 and even 10,000 feet above the level of the sea; a huge, white glistening shield some 1,200 miles in length and 500 miles in width, resting on the supporting mountains. It is an arctic Sahara, in comparison with which the African Sahara is insignificant. For on this frozen Sahara of inner Greenland occurs no form of life, animal or vegetable; no fragment of rock, no grain of sand, is visible. The traveler across its frozen wastes, traveling as I have week after week, sees outside of himself and his own party but three things in the world, namely, the infinite expanse of the frozen plain, the infinite dome of the cold blue sky, and the cold white sun—nothing but these. The traveler, too, across this frozen desert knows that at no time during his journey are the highest rocks of the mountain summits below him nearer than from 1,000 to 5,000 feet down through the mighty blankets of snow."



MAP SHOWING REGION OF PEARY'S POLAR EXPLORATION.

At these great altitudes, which, without the intense cold and the unceasing blinding glare, would be trying enough to most travelers, Peary set his

course exactly as a mariner at sea would, even hoisting a sail on his sledge. They tramped northward, often through storm and fog, often half blind with the sun glare, sleeping on the ice usually without a tent,

CAPE SABINE, WHERE LIEUTENANT PEARY IS ENCAMPED THIS WINTER.

and eating half-cooked rations. And in forty days they covered over 600 miles, reaching on the 4th of July the rocky northern end of Greenland, which no man ever had seen before.

On a high hill, which Peary named Navy Cliff, a cairn with the stars and stripes floating above was erected, and the wintry sea which flowed at its feet was named Independence Bay in honor of the day. The land visible across the Bay, now first discovered, Peary called Melville and Heilprin lands.

Having reached the end of their journey and proved the insularity of Greenland, Peary and Astrup returned, reaching McCormick Bay in August, whence the party sailed to New York. It had been a brilliantly successful expedition; it won for Peary the prized medals of several learned societies, and "Petermann's Mitteilungen," the most famous geographical publication in the world, honored the explorer by suggesting the name "Pearyland" for North Greenland.

But Peary was not content. Believing that the ice-cap offered an "imperial highway" to the Pole, he was impatient to make another journey. Everything was against him. He had no money, no ship, few wealthy friends, and some of the institutions which had assisted him before were unable to do so again; moreover, he had used up his leave of absence, and the Navy Department was loath to release him longer. But Peary had made up his mind to go, and nothing now could turn him. The campaign for funds and equipment which followed was of a sort to arouse admiration. It was November (1892); in order to start the following spring he must raise the money and complete his organization and equipment all within six months' time. Yet he went at it with characteristic energy. By exerting all possible influence he succeeded in securing a three years' leave of absence. Then he began lecturing, Major J. B. Pond, his manager, being authority for the statement that no other American lecturer ever equaled his record. He spoke 168 times in ninety-six days—nearly two lectures every week-day—and earned $13,000. A stenographer accompanied him constantly, and he dictated matter for his book and arranged the multitudinous details of his expedition during his travels. He was able, also, to obtain some money from societies; the New York "Sun" contributed $2,000 for letters; Mrs. Peary wrote a successful book, and the proceeds from that, with minor sums gathered here and there, enabled him to charter his vessel, "The Falcon," and provide most of the equipment. At the last moment the money gave out, and Peary, to his distress, was compelled to exhibit his ship at several large cities, the quarters paid for admission com-

pleting his funds. As a feat of physical energy, this six months' work must assuredly be called extraordinary. In June, 1893, the expedition sailed, under the happiest auspices, though it was destined to a long series of misfortunes, which caused the explorer the bitterest disappointments of his life. "The Falcon," upon its return after landing Peary's party was lost with all on board, though the explorer knew nothing of this fact until a year later. Against his own best judgment, Peary had taken with him a large party of men, and dissensions having arisen, nearly all the members of the party returned by the first relief ship, leaving Peary with only two men, his faithful negro, Matt Henson, and Hugh J. Lee. Only one bright event lightened the darkness, the birth in the far north of a daughter to Mrs. Peary, little Anighito, the "Snow Baby." His party thus depleted, Peary found himself terribly handicapped. His means had now been exhausted, so that it devolved on Mrs. Peary, who also returned by the relief ship, to raise the money necessary to send a ship for him in the following year. But Peary never once swerved from his iron purpose. He was determined to go poleward over the great ice, come what might; and go he did, though the expedition was fraught with such terrible hardships that its safe return is nothing short of a miracle. Though short of provisions and fuel, and far from being in the best trim physically, the three men, Peary, Lee, and Henson, set out in April (1895) to cross the ice-cap.

"When we started on this journey," writes Peary, "we knew that we were relying solely upon our own exertions and the Almighty. Whatever fortune, ill or good, awaited us in or beyond the heart of the 'great ice'; whatever accident or mishap befell, there would, there could be no rescuing. And even if we returned in safety, if the trust which I reposed in my Eskimo friends was ill-founded I might find my house and stores appropriated and oursevles left destitute."

From the very beginning, misfortunes followed one another thick and fast. A cache of all but indispensable pemmican, 1,400 pounds in all, could not be found, and though its lack threatened starvation, still they went forward—three men, forty-two dogs, and five sledges. Lee fell ill, leaving all the work to the other men, besides delaying the march. Often, indeed, they dragged Lee on the sledges. The dogs fought, tangled the harness, and one went mad; they had to abandon one sledge after another, they ate raw frozen meat warmed a little in their tea. Presently the men were denying themselves, to make the walrus meat last for the dogs; then the dogs one after another were consumed. And still their faces were set toward the north. Five hundred miles from their home camp, with eleven all but useless dogs and a sick companion, their very life now depended on finding the musk-oxen which Peary had seen on the open shore three years previously, and on their ability when found to kill the quarry. Peary's story of that awful hunting trip is one of the most thrilling in all the annals of bold deeds. Thirty miles from the open country of Independence Bay, Lee, now unable to travel farther, was left in camp with a share of the remaining provisions. Peary and Henson, with one light sledge and the strongest dogs, rushed forward. The rocks of the open ground played havoc with the sledge, so that the men were often forced to help the dogs; their feet-covering was cut and worn; their food disappeared rapidly, and still no game. Suddenly Peary, who was in advance, beckoned Henson to bring the gun. Fastening the dogs to a stake, the negro crept up, quivering with excitement. Peary pointed silently to an arctic hare, but being overcome with hunger, he directed Henson to shoot. Henson was himself so weak that, though he lay down and took a dead rest, he missed; a second bullet killed the game. Henson ran back to get the lamp for cooking, but the hunger of the men could not be curbed; seizing the animal, they devoured it raw.

Then they hunted again to the very verge of desperation, and when at last they suddenly saw a fine herd of musk-oxen they were too unnerved at first to fire. Then they rushed forward and began shooting half blindly. Peary says he could not see his sights, but felt his aim. They killed their prey.

The finding of the musk-oxen had saved them, but more terrible experiences were yet to come. Peary was set on going northward toward the Pole. He had reached a latitude of eighty-one degrees forty-seven minutes, ten miles farther north than he had gone before. Not many miles farther on, and he would have reached the farthest north. Had he secured the alcohol and pemmican of that last cache, he could have continued his journey safely and easily. He stood upon the brink of the rocks and looked down and out over the sea of ice before him. It was smooth and inviting; the dogs could have made fast time; perhaps the Pole itself might

have been reached. For ten years he had struggled to reach the farthest north, and now, when he had almost achieved it, he was obliged to beat a retreat. Sadly he turned back, and began the grim, terrible march to the southward. They threw away their bedding, instruments, guns, ammunition, extra clothing, a prayer-book, the tent itself—in fact, everything that might impede them in their struggle for life. They even tore from their nautical almanac the three leaves containing the calculations then required, and discarded the remainder. They had started with forty-two dogs and five sledges; now they had but one sledge and two dogs. For five days they subsisted on a few biscuits and a little tea. They killed one dog and ate him, giving the remaining dog a share. At length the last morsel of food of any kind was consumed, and the home camp was still twenty miles away.

And they were constantly haunted by the terrible fear that the Eskimos might have played false, looted the camp, and left them to certain starvation. Two days of this starvation, and at last they arrived, three gaunt men, with a single emaciated dog creeping along a mile behind. To their unspeakable joy, the stores were intact.

For days they lay and rested, scarcely able to move, sickened by the food they ate, bleeding at the nose, their legs swollen to twice their natural size. The dog gave himself up to eating and sleeping and to hiding food away. For weeks he buried everything that resembled food during his waking hours, as if, remembering his terrible experiences, he had determined to cache a store of provisions that would last him for the rest of his days. There they remained, weak, miserable, all but hopeless, until the arrival of the relief party organized by the energy of Mrs. Peary, who had succeeded in interesting a number of wealthy men in her husband's work. Indeed, without the courageous assistance and constant encouragement of his wife, the explorer never could have accomplished what he has.

The disappointments and perils of this ill-fated expedition convinced the explorer, so he thought, that his arctic work was finished, but he had not reckoned on his own enthusiasm. Hardly had he recovered from the fatigue of the last ice-cap expedition, when his brain was busy again with new plans. In 1896 and 1897 he made two voyages into the arctic region, bringing back the famous Cape York meteorites, the largest in the world. In 1898 his only book, "Northward Over the Great Ice," appeared, and he delivered a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain which was received with flattering honors.

With these encouragements he was prompted to make one more supreme attempt to reach the Pole, and to carry out his original, but now thoroughly crystallized methods of exploration: the small party with the leader in the van; the highly compact equipment, most of it devised by the explorer himself; the use of Eskimos and the Eskimo ways of clothing and living; the extensive employment of dogs; and the establishment in advance of the "dash" northward of caches of provisions at regular intervals.

"I am after the Pole," he wrote in 1898 for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, "because it *is* the Pole; because it has a value as a test of intelligence, persistence, endurance, determined will, and perhaps courage, qualities characteristic of the highest type of manhood; because I am confident that it can be reached, and because I regard it as a great prize which it is peculiarly fit and appropriate that an American should win."

And this time Peary's way was made easy for him. In 1897 influential friends secured a four years' leave of absence from the Navy Department; the Peary Arctic Club was formed, with Morris K. Jesup of the American Museum of Natural History as the president and Herbert L. Bridgman as secretary. Money was secured, and in the summer of 1899 Peary sailed away to the north for the seventh time and there he is to-day. The first winter out, while on the long march to Fort Conger, Peary frosted both feet, and the surgeon decided that seven toes must be amputated. Having no instruments at hand, however, Peary lay prostrated and suffering acutely for six weeks; and then, strapped to a sledge, with the thermometer from sixty to seventy degrees below zero, he started on the journey of 250 miles over the frozen sea channel to his ship, the "Windward," which was still fast in the ice. At times his agony was almost beyond endurance, so that it was found necessary to turn the sledge on its side, loosen the lashings, and permit the explorer to rest. Upon reaching the "Windward" an operation was safely performed, and Peary recovered rapidly. He would not listen for a moment to the suggestion that he return. And astonishing as it may seem, he was soon able to walk and even jump as well as ever.

Thus we leave Peary with his face still set to the northward and his courage undimmed.

A PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.

By Luella Lathrop.

TO the day of his death Jack Dalton never decided whether it was predestination or fate that ruined his life, or whether it "just happened," but he leaned toward the latter opinion.

Certain transactions in connection with a game called poker made it desirable for Jack to absent himself from his accustomed haunts.

In the course of time he drifted to the Dakota Indian Reservation, and found shelter in the tepee of Weuto (which being translated means Blue Woman).

Weuto was not young or handsome, but her possessions in land and cattle were large.

There was a rumor afloat (indeed, there was always such a rumor) of the early opening of the reservation, and Jack saw himself, in fancy, the possessor of Weuto's five hundred acres.

So Jack lived on in Weuto's tepee, and ate of the rations provided by the Government.

Food and shelter are worth considering when a man is homeless, penniless, and knows that there is a price upon his head.

And Jack—shall I say he married Weuto? There is no record of any ceremony, but Weuto looked upon him as her husband.

Jack always intended to go out into the world again, "when the thing had blown over," as he expressed it.

What is the nameless influence which the Indians exert over the white man who lives among them? He may dream of returning to his own again, but he never will. The slothful life, the absence of responsibility, the squalid surroundings, benumb his energies. He sinks to a lower level than that of the savage himself.

When the flowers of another summer rioted in profusion over the plains of the Dakotas, a tiny red papoose opened her black eyes upon the smoke-stained canvas walls of Weuto's tepee.

None of the conventional raptures of the father over his first-born came to Jack.

Instead. he began to realize that no man lives to himself; and that his own was not the only life he had ruined.

As became a woman who had a white husband, Weuto felt herself very superior to the squaws about her. She scorned an Indian name for the baby, and called her Emily. By some strange freak of inexorable nature, the baby was very nearly white, and was the exact image of Jack. When Jack absented himself from the tepee, Weuto was not inconsolable. If he never returned, what then? Oh, well, husbands are easy to obtain on the reservation if one has land and cattle.

Besides, Jack was not always an agreeable companion, and he was notably inconsiderate: when Weuto must bring the water so far, it seemed useless to use it to wash one's self, when one was more comfortable unwashed; and then there was soap, that ill-smelling invention of the white people.

When she found Jack's body out on the prairie, an empty revolver in his hand, she accepted his death with stoical composure.

The next week Zitka-ada Ze (Yellow Bird) had taken Jack's place in the tepee, and the waters of oblivion rolled over his misdeeds and his sorrows.

Little Emily when she was four was taken to the Government school, and henceforth for a long time life flowed evenly and smoothly for the little girl.

The teachers kept her at the school during the vacations. Through all these years she never went back to Weuto's tepee, though it was only twenty miles away, and Weuto seldom came to see her. There were many beady-eyed, moon-faced papooses in the tepee. Neither their advent nor their care, however, was a great consideration to Weuto. Yet as the Government rations steadily grew less, Weuto must sow corn and harvest it, must go to the river for wood, and care for the ponies, her lord and master being superior to labor. There were many tasks for her patient hands.

The last winter at the school was a very happy time for Emily.

She was the constant companion of the teachers, and intellectually their equal.

The little reading circle was her especial

EMILY.

delight. They were reading Shakspere (as is the custom of country circles), and Emily read with delight.

And now Emily was eighteen—tall, graceful, with an oval face, expressive black eyes, and the delicate hands and feet usual with a strain of Indian blood.

But Emily never thought of herself as an Indian. In fact, she thought very little about herself.

Her life was full of healthy, congenial tasks, and she was happy, just as a bird is happy, with no thought for the past or the future.

For fourteen years she had not been away from the Government school, even to go

back to Weuto's tepee. In all her life she had never been away from the reservation, and that is not the best place to learn of life.

And so poor Emily had her awakening.

Some visitors were strolling through the school one day, and came upon Emily arranging the reception-room.

"Dear me," exclaimed a shrill-voiced woman, eye-glass to eye, "what a pretty squaw, and nearly white, too! Now isn't she just as white as those Lowney girls who came to the parties last winter? Dear me! What a pity to waste so many advantages on her. I suppose when her school-days are over she will live in a tepee and never comb her hair."

And the group passed on discussing Emily as if she were deaf, dumb, and blind.

Emily had stood like a statue, the dust-cloth in her hand. Her Indian blood helped her to stoicism. She fled to her room with burning cheeks. All night she lay staring into the darkness, trying to decipher the features of that fearful monster, the Future.

What could she do but go back to the tepee—Weuto's tepee, with all its squalor and wretchedness?

Perhaps she might come to leave her hair unbound and wear a blanket. She did not know that for years the teachers had secretly bought her clothes that she might not be obliged to wear the coarse, ill-fitting clothing provided by the Government for its wards.

The next morning she went about her accustomed duties with a heavy heart.

Her thoughts were in a maze. Naturally she turned to the resident Indian Agent. She would ask him to help her to an occupation. He was a florid, rotund man, much impressed with the dignity and importance of John Deane, Esq., and imbued with the idea that to be half Indian is to be all Indian, and to be utterly devoid of all sense or sensibility.

"Go back and live among 'em of course; that's what we've educated you for. Teach the confounded red devils to clean up once in a while."

But Mrs. Deane was present. She was a practical woman. The young Deanes were many in number, and contrary by nature; Emily seemed gentle, and could probably be secured for a small sum. They know nothing of money matters, these Indians, she explained to Mr. Deane.

So Mrs. Deane "pitied the poor dear," and just as the bottomless pit seemed opening before Emily's feet, Mrs. Deane "offered her a home" (without compensation), and Emily accepted.

Emily's few belongings, her slender stock of clothes, the few treasured books given her by the teachers, were removed to a stuffy attic bedroom in the "Residence of Indian Agent Deane."

Though the bread of dependence was very bitter to Emily, there was a compensation. (There must always be a compensation, else how could one keep on living?)

There was an exchange of clerks at the Agency in June. One of the new ones was Allen West, whose family felt that as Dakota was so far from civilization he could bring no further disgrace upon them.

He admired Emily; he had admired many women. A few had admired him. He was horribly lonely, forty miles from a game of pool or a newspaper. The few Government buildings comprising the Agency seemed such a tiny dot on the limitless wind-swept prairie.

Each day he joined Emily and her little charges on their walks. His conversation fascinated Emily. He made her many little gifts. He brought her books, which she read far into the night.

Perhaps in his heart he pitied the monotony of the girl's life. Time hung heavily on his own hands.

To Emily his presence was the kingdom of heaven come down to earth.

She invested him with virtues of which he had never dreamed. In reality he was *blasé*, lazy, a complete failure, and forty.

For a little while the sun of happiness shone upon Emily's life again.

All through the beautiful Dakota autumn, when the skies are so blue and the few clouds cast brown shadows on the yellowing prairie, the constant thought of Allen glorified each moment of Emily's life.

Nothing could be lovelier than the plain of Southern Dakota in the fall—the sweep of country is so broad, so magnificent.

In the morning sun the hills that rise like an amphitheater many miles back from the Missouri shine golden. In the evening they hide their heads behind a mystic veil of purple mist.

The prairie has as many moods as a capricious woman. Some days the sun shines, the face of the prairie radiates golden lights, the wind blows merrily. Again the sky is gray, the prairie is dun and sear, the wind booms sullenly, and whips the sun-flowers viciously about, and hopelessness settles down upon one. There seems nothing in the world worth any further struggle.

Then there are rare days when the wind is hushed: fleecy clouds float in the sky; the prairie melts away into the distance, dim, mysterious. To be alone on the prairie on such a day is to be overcome with a sense of personal insignificance. To the devout soul, the thought, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" must instinctively come.

Silently they walked home together beneath the twinkling December stars. At the door Emily shyly pressed into Allen's hand a beaded purse. She had spent many hours' work upon it; her dreams had been sewn into its bright pattern.

With the New Year Mildred Deane came home from an Eastern college.

"BY THE FIRELIGHT SHE PICKED THEM OVER."

Christmas, that festival of all the year on the reservation, came and went.

Emily and Allen put the finishing touches on the Christmas trees in the little chapel, where two generations of Indian youths had been instructed in the way in which they should go.

Allen helped Emily to descend from the rude steps beside the tree. He held her hand for a moment. Her eyes were luminous with love. He drew her into his arms. Emily turned her face to receive his kiss as naturally as a flower turns to the sun.

Mildred Deane was a much beribboned, beruffled young lady. Her first act was to teach the Indian girl "her place as a servant," as she expressed it. For Emily's intelligence and her affection for the children had won her some consideration even in that household.

In January Weuto chose to make a pilgrimage to the Agency. Emily was tall and straight, with pure oval face and shining bands of hair above her trim blue print gown.

Weuto did not grow old gracefully. Her form was bent with much dragging of tepee poles and carrying of burdens.

Her hair hung in disordered locks about her wrinkled neck. She had forgotten all the little that Emily's father taught her. Her face was seamed and furrowed, her mouth cruel.

She wore the loose calico waist and short skirt of the Indian woman, but her blankets were many and gorgeous. To the squaw the dress is nothing, the blanket everything.

Repulsive, dirty, degraded, unspeakable, Weuto stood at the office door, when Allen West came bounding up the steps to his morning work.

"Hi, West, there's your mother-in-law," sang out one of the clerks.

Allen turned sharply. Then he sat down to his desk with a grim white face.

All day the careless words stung him, and Weuto's crafty, cruel face was before him.

He spent the evening with Mildred Deane. As the days passed he betook himself more and more to her society. Emily's spirits drooped. When the searching winds of March came, she began to cough.

"You must go to the doctor, Emily," said Mrs. Deane. Then, with brutal frankness, "If you should have consumption, I couldn't have you with the children. Indians are so liable to consumption," she explained.

Consumption! It is the terror of the reservation. No word strikes such horror to the heart of an Indian.

Emily waited for the doctor's verdict with much suspense. Nothing mattered much if Allen did not love her. But when he said to Mrs. Deane:

"You'd better send the girl home," Emily, overhearing him, accepted death as her portion.

It was, in fact, decreed that Emily must go back to her mother. For fifteen years she had never been away from the cleanly environment of the Agency.

May was hot and dusty. There is no spring in Dakota. Summer comes in a day. The grass is green, the crocuses peep out, and the hot, dry winds blow, blow, blow, with unceasing vehemence. The "dust devils" scurry over the prairie. Thousands of huge Russian thistles roll and toss before the wind like the waves of the sea.

It was on such a day as this that Weuto, her lean, spotted ponies in rope harness, drawing her rickety, unpainted wagon, came for Emily.

Poor Emily! She could only pray that death would come speedily.

All the long day the wind blew round them with a booming sound like artillery, the air was full of blinding dust.

It seemed to Emily that the ride would never end; but at dusk they came to a small house, one of those houses that the Government sends out all ready to put together like a Chinese puzzle. Outside were a plow, a seeder, and a hay-rake, in various stages of rust and decay. These farming implements the Government, eager to prove that the Indian can support himself, had provided for Yellow Bird's use. They had, however, never been used.

Piled up against the house were two once white iron bedsteads provided by the same benefactor for the comfort of Weuto and her family.

The Indian prefers to sleep on the earth floor, rolled up in a blanket with his feet to the fire.

The wolf hounds, savage, shaggy Indian dogs, came bounding over the prairie at the first sound of the ponies' feet. Their gaunt bodies glided over the ground with wonderful rapidity. The children, as they peeped from the house-door, seemed only a shade less repulsive than the hounds. Yellow Bird stood in the background.

"Tipi mitawa" (my house), grunted Weuto.

Emily sat still, her every faculty benumbed by despair.

Weuto picketed the spotted ponies, and went into the house. Emily sat in the wagon, wild thoughts of flight, of suicide, in her mind.

Weuto, after preparing the Indian bread of flour, soda, and water, baked in the coals, bade Emily enter.

The smoke from the open fire in the center of the room filled the air. The dirt floor was foul. There was a rusty sewing-machine (or the remains of one), an unused cook-stove (Weuto preferred to cook over a hole in the ground), a few broken chairs, and seven trunks of varying sizes. His trunk is an Indian's dearest possession. These trunks contained the "best clothes" of Weuto and Yellow Bird—buckskin dancing aprons, colored with bright pigments and edged with small mirrors, eagle-feather war bonnets used in the Indian dances, gayly beaded moccasins and shields, and many and gorgeous blankets of all the hues of the rainbow.

Emily was terror-stricken by her unac-

customed surroundings. She was faint for food, she could not eat the black bread Weuto offered her, or drink the "black medicine" which is the name the Indians give to the horrible compound the squaws make from the coffee-berry.

The various members of the family, together with the hideous wolf hounds, stretched themselves on the floor, and were soon asleep. Weuto and Emily alone lay awake. If Weuto felt any joy that Emily was with her, or any sorrow that her daughter was ill, she did not show it. She went out and brought the small box in which were Emily's few belongings.

By the firelight she picked them over carefully. When the fire flickered lower, she cast on a book to make it burn brighter. Then she gathered up all the clothing, and locked it in one of the seven trunks.

Overcome by exhaustion and hunger, too faint to sit erect any longer, Emily laid her delicate body down on that foul floor, among those dirty, unwashed Indians, and slept the sleep of utter weariness. She had a severe hemorrhage in the morning. Weuto, according to the Indian custom when one of their number is ill, assured her that she was going to die. The Indian men are far more pitiful than the women. It was Yellow Bird who brought in one of the iron beds and put some blankets on it, while Weuto looked on with a derisive smile.

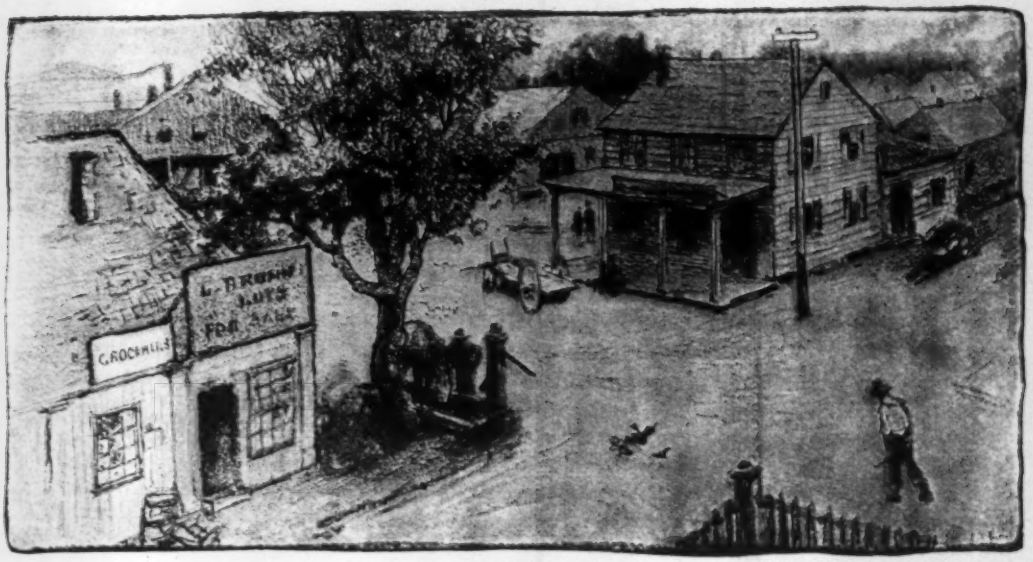
Emily never rose from that bed. The loathsome food, the unspeakable surroundings soon did their work.

It was barely a month before Mildred and Allen, sitting on the porch in the early evening, saw Weuto's spotted ponies approaching, and heard that long-drawn, mournful wail, the death-cry with which an Indian announces from afar a death in his family, and which once heard can never be forgotten.

Allen West left his sweetheart, and walked alone on the prairie until the dawn of another day silvered the bluffs of the Missouri.

Before he came back he flung far out into the river a tiny, beaded purse.

"THAT LONG-DRAWN, MOURNFUL WAIL."



THE FOREST RUNNER.

By Stewart Edward White,

Author of "The Westerners."

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Harry Thorpe, a young "land-looker," finds in Northern Michigan some valuable timber which big capitalists are preparing to steal. Passing himself off as a hunter, he prepares to claim the land. He is first joined by a friendly Indian, and later by Wallace Carpenter, a young lad of wealthy family who is taking an outing in the woods. The latter offers to supply the necessary capital. He is not deterred by Thorpe's confession that he is the son of a forger, and Thorpe consents. Thorpe discovers that the lumber company, suspecting his purpose, has sent back to town a man to claim the land first, so the young land-looker and the Indian set out on foot through the forest in a race for the land office at Detroit.

CHAPTER V.—*continued.*

THORPE had walked leisurely ten days through the woods far to the north. In that journey he had encountered many difficulties. Sometimes he had been tangled for hours at a time in a dense and almost impenetrable thicket. Again he had spent a half-day in crossing a treacherous swamp. Or there had interposed in his trail abatis of down timber a quarter of a mile wide, over which it had been necessary to pick a precarious way eight or ten feet from the ground.

This journey was in comparison easy. Most of the time the travelers walked along high beech ridges or through the hardwood forests. Occasionally they were forced to pass into the lowlands, but always little saving spits of highland reaching out toward each other abridged the necessary wallowing. Twice they swam rivers.

At first Thorpe thought this was because the country was more open; but as he gave better attention to their route, he learned to ascribe it entirely to the skill of his companion. The Indian seemed by a species of instinct to select the most practicable routes. He seemed to know how the land ought to lie, so that he was never deceived by appearances into entering a *cul de sac*. His beech ridges always led to other beech ridges; his hardwood never petered out into the terrible black swamps. Sometimes Thorpe became sensible that they had commenced a long detour; but it was never an abrupt detour, unforeseen and blind.

From three o'clock until eight they walked continuously without a pause, without an instant's breathing spell. Then they rested a half-hour, ate a little venison, and smoked a pipe. An hour after noon they repeated the rest. Thorpe rose with a certain physical reluctance. The Indian seemed as fresh—or as tired—as when he started. At sunset they took an hour. When they resumed their journey, Thorpe thought he would drop with weariness, and was mentally

incapable of contemplating more than a hundred steps in advance.

"When I get to that square patch of light, I'll quit," he would say to himself, and struggle painfully the required twenty rods. "No, I won't quit here," he would continue; "I'll make it that birch. Then I'll lie down and die."

And so on. To the actual physical exhaustion of Thorpe's muscles was added that immense mental weariness which uncertainty of the time and distance inflicts on a man. The journey might last a week, for all he knew. In the presence of an emergency these men of action had actually not exchanged a dozen words. The Indian led, Thorpe followed.

When the halt was called, Thorpe fell into his blanket, too weary even to eat. Next morning sharp shooting pains, like the stabs of swords, ran through his groin.

"You come!" repeated the Indian, stolid as ever.

When the sun was an hour high the travelers suddenly ran into a trail, which as suddenly dived into a spruce thicket. On the other side of it Thorpe unexpectedly found himself in an extensive clearing, dotted with the blackened stumps of pines. Athwart the distance he could perceive the wide blue horizon of Lake Michigan. He had crossed the Upper Peninsula on foot!

"Boat come by to-day," said Injun Charley, indicating the tall stacks of a mill. "Him no stop. You mak' him stop take you with him. You get train Mackinaw City to-night. Dose men, dey on dat train."

Thorpe calculated rapidly. The enemy would require, even with their teams, a day to cover the thirty miles to the fishing village of Munising, whence the stage ran each morning to Seney, the present terminal of the South Shore Railroad. He, Thorpe, on foot and three hours behind could never have caught the stage. But from Seney only one train a day was despatched to connect at Mackinaw City with the Michigan Central, and on that one train, due to leave this very morning, the up-river man was just about getting aboard. He would arrive at Mackinaw City at four o'clock of the afternoon, where he would be forced to wait until eight in the evening. By catching a boat at the mill to which Injun Charley had led him, Thorpe could still make the same train. Thus the start in the race for the Detroit Land Office would be fair.

"All right!" he cried, all his energy returning to him. "Here goes! We'll beat him out yet!"

"You come back?" inquired the Indian, peering with a certain anxiety into his companion's eyes.

"Come back!" cried Thorpe. "You bet your hat!"

"I wait," replied the Indian, and was gone.

"Oh, Charley," shouted Thorpe in surprise, "come on and get a square meal, anyway."

But the Indian was already on his way back to the distant Ossawinamakee.

Thorpe hesitated in two minds whether to follow and attempt further persuasion, for he felt keenly the interest the other had displayed. Then he saw over the headland to the east a dense trail of black smoke. He set off on a stumbling run toward the mill.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MILL TOWN.

He arrived out of breath to find himself in a typical little mill town consisting of the usual unpainted houses, the saloons, mill, office, and general store. To the latter he addressed himself for information.

The proprietor, still sleepy, was mopping out the place.

"Does that boat stop here?" shouted Thorpe across the suds.

"Sometimes," replied the man somnolently.

"Not always?"

"Only when there's freight for her."

"Doesn't she stop for passengers?"

"Nope."

"How does she know when there's freight?"

"Oh, they signal her from the mill—" but Thorpe was gone.

At the mill Thorpe dived for the engine-room. He knew that elsewhere the clang of machinery and the hurry of business would leave scant attention for him. And, besides, from the engine-room the signals would be given. He found, as is often the case in north-country saw-mills, a Scotchman in charge.

"Does the boat stop here this morning?" he inquired.

"Weel," replied the engineer with fearful deliberation, "I canna say. But I hae received na orders to that effect."

"Can't you whistle her in for me?" asked Thorpe.

"I canna," answered the engineer, promptly enough this time.

"Why not?"

"Ye're na what a body might call freight."

"No other way out of it?"

"Na."

Thorpe was seized with an idea.

"Here!" he cried. "See that bowlder over there? I want to ship that to Mackinaw City by freight on this boat."

The Scotchman's eyes twinkled appreciatively.

"I'm dootin' ye hae th' freight-bill from the office," he objected simply.

"See here," replied Thorpe, "I've just got to get that boat. It's worth twenty dollars to me, and I'll square it with the captain. There's your twenty."

The Scotchman deliberated, looking aslant at the ground and thoughtfully oiling a cylinder with a greasy rag.

"It'll na be a matter of life and death?" he asked hopefully. "She aye stops for life and death."

"No," replied Thorpe reluctantly. Then with an explosion: "Yes, by God, it is! If I don't make that boat, I'll kill *you*."

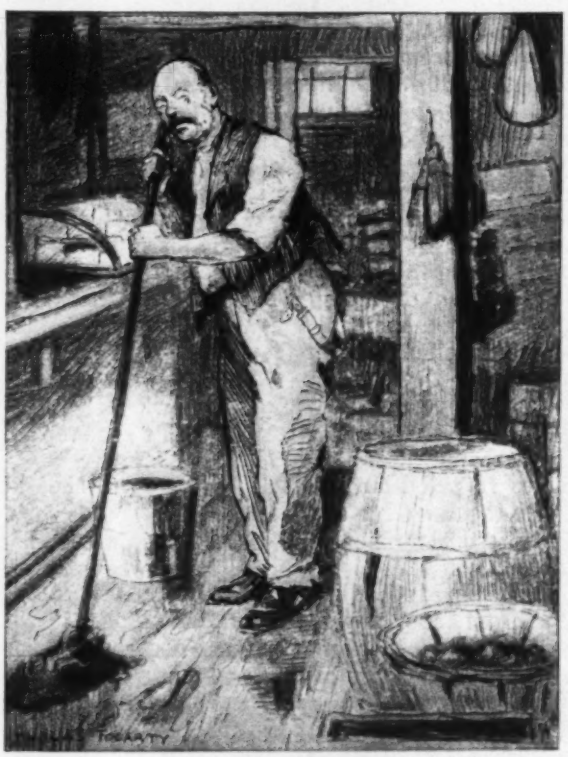
The Scotchman chuckled and pocketed the money. "I'm dootin' that's in order," he replied. "I'll na be party to any such proceedin's. I'm goin' noo for a fresh pail of water," he remarked, pausing at the door. "But as a wee item of information, yander's th' wheestle rope; and a man wheestles one short and one long for th' boat."

He disappeared. Thorpe seized the cord and gave the signal. Then he ran hastily to the end of one of the long lumber docks, and peered with great eagerness in the direction of the black smoke.

The steamer was as yet concealed behind a low spit of land which ran out from the west to form one side of the harbor. In a moment, however, her bows appeared, headed directly down toward the Straits of Mackinaw. When she came opposite the little bay, Thorpe confidently looked to see her turn in, but to his consternation she held her course. He began to doubt whether his signal had been heard. Fresh black smoke poured from the funnel; the craft seemed to gather speed as she approached the eastern point. Thorpe saw his hopes sailing away. He wanted to stand up absurdly and wave his arms to attract attention at that impossible distance. He wanted to sink to the planks in apathy. Finally he sat down, and with dull eyes watched the distance widen between himself and his aims.

And then with a grand free sweep she turned and headed directly for him.

Other men might have wept or shouted. Thorpe merely became himself, imperturbable, commanding, apparently cold. He negotiated briefly with the captain, and paid twenty dollars more for speed and the privilege of landing at Mackinaw City. Then he slept for eight hours on end, and was awakened in time to drop into a small boat which deposited him on the broad sand-beach of the Lower Peninsula.

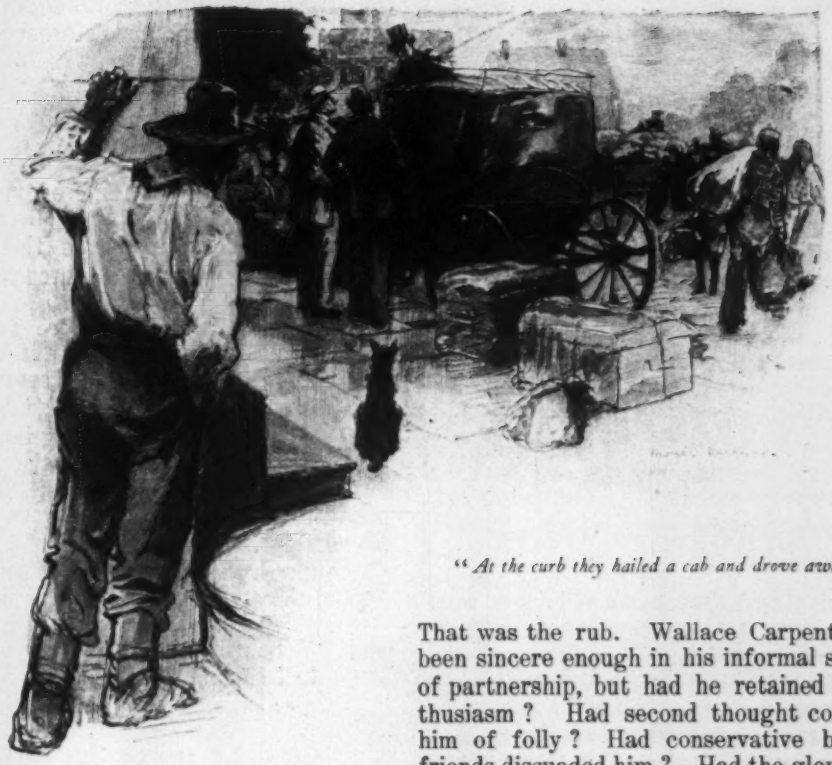


"The proprietor, still sleepy, was mopping out the place."

CHAPTER VII.

THE START IN THE RACE.

THE train was just leisurely making up for departure. Thorpe, dressed as he was in old "pepper-and-salt" garments patched with buckskin, his hat a flopping travesty on headgear, his moccasins worn and dirty, his face bearded and bronzed, tried as much as possible to



"At the curb they hailed a cab and drove away."

avoid attention. He sent an instant telegram to Wallace Carpenter, conceived as follows:

"Wire thirty thousand my order, care Land Office, Detroit, before nine o'clock tomorrow morning. Do it if you have to rustle all night. Important."

Then he took a seat in the baggage-car, on a pile of boxes, and philosophically waited for the train to start. He knew that sooner or later the other man, provided he were on the train, would stroll through the cars, and he wanted to be out of the way. The baggage man proved friendly, so Thorpe chatted with him until after bedtime. Then he entered the smoking-car and waited patiently for morning.

So far the affair had gone very well. It had depended on personal exertions, and he had made it go. Now he was forced to rely on outward circumstances. He argued that the up-river man would have first to make his financial arrangements before he could buy in the land, and this would give the land-looker a chance to get in ahead at the Office. There would probably be no difficulty about that. The man suspected nothing. But Thorpe had to confess himself fearfully uneasy about his own financial arrangements. That was the rub. Wallace Carpenter had been sincere enough in his informal striking of partnership, but had he retained his enthusiasm? Had second thought convicted him of folly? Had conservative business friends dissuaded him? Had the glow faded in the reality of his accustomed life? And even if his good-will remained unimpaired, would he be able, at such short notice, to raise so large a sum? Would he realize from Thorpe's telegram the absolute necessity of haste?

At the last thought Thorpe decided to send a second message from the next station. He did so. It read: "Another buyer of timber on same train with me. Must have money at nine o'clock or lose land." He paid day rates on it to insure immediate delivery. Suppose the boy should be away from home?

Everything depended on Wallace Carpenter; and Thorpe could not but confess the chance slender. One other thought made the night seem long. Thorpe had but thirty dollars left.

Morning came at last, and the train drew in and stopped. Thorpe, being in the smoking-car, dropped off first and stationed himself near the exit, where he could look over the passengers without being seen. They filed past. To two only he could accord the rôle of master lumbermen—all the rest were plainly drummers or hayseeds. But in these two Thorpe recognized Daly and Morrison in person. They passed within ten feet of him, talking earnestly together. At

"Whose frank scrutiny brought him to himself."

the curb they hailed a cab and drove away. Thorpe, with satisfaction, heard them call the name of a hotel.

It was still two hours before the Land Office would be open. Thorpe ate breakfast at the depot, and wandered slowly up Jefferson Avenue to Woodward, a strange piece of our country's medievalism in modern surroundings. He was so occupied with his own thoughts that for some time he remained unconscious of the attention he was attracting. Then, with a start, he felt that every one was staring at him. The hour was early, so that few besides the working classes were abroad; but he passed one lady, driving leisurely to an early train, whose frank scrutiny brought him to himself. He became conscious that his broad hat was weather-soiled and limp, that his flannel shirt was faded, that his "pepper-and-salt" trousers were patched, that moccasins must seem as anachronistic as chain mail. It abashed him. He could not know that it was all wild and picturesque, that his straight and muscular figure moved with a grace quite its own and the woods', that the bronze of his skin contrasted splendidly with the clearness of his eye, that his whole bearing expressed the serene power that comes only from the confidence of battle. The woman in the carriage saw it, however.

"He is magnificent!" she cried. "I thought such men had died with Cooper."

Thorpe whirled sharp on his heel and returned at once to a boarding-house off Fort Street, where he had "outfitted" three months before. There he reclaimed his valise, shaved, clothed himself in linen and cheviot once more, and sauntered slowly over to the Land Office to await its opening.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIGHT AT THE LAND OFFICE.

At nine o'clock neither of the partners had appeared. Thorpe entered the office and approached the desk.

"Is there a telegram here for Harry Thorpe?" he inquired.

The clerk to whom he addressed himself merely motioned with his head toward a young fellow behind the railing in a corner. The latter, without awaiting the question, shifted comfortably and replied, "No."

At the same instant steps were heard in the corridor, the door opened, and Mr. Morrison appeared on the sill. Then Thorpe showed the stuff of which he was made.

"Is this the desk for buying Government lands?" he asked hurriedly.

"Yes," replied the clerk.

"I have some descriptions I wish to buy in."

"Very well," replied the clerk, "what townships?"

Thorpe detailed the figures, which he knew by heart, the clerk took from a cabinet the three books containing them, and spread them out on the counter.

At this moment the bland voice of Mr. Morrison made itself heard at Thorpe's elbow.

"Good-morning, Mr. Smithers," it said, with the deliberation of the consciously great man, "I have a few descriptions I would like to buy in in the northern peninsula."

"Good-morning, Mr. Morrison; Archie, there, will attend to you. Archie, see what Mr. Morrison wishes." The lumberman and the other clerk consulted in a low voice, after which the official turned to fumble among the records. Not finding what he wanted, he approached Smithers. A whispered consultation ensued between these two. Then Smithers called, "Take a seat, Mr. Morrison. This gentleman is looking over those townships, and will have finished in a few moments."

Morrison's eye suddenly became uneasy.

"I am somewhat busy this morning," he objected, with a shade of command in his voice.

"If this gentleman?" suggested the clerk delicately.

"I am sorry," put in Thorpe with brevity. "My time, too, is valuable."

Morrison looked at him sharply.

"My deal is a big one," he snapped. "I can probably arrange with this gentleman to let him have his farm."

"I claim precedence," replied Thorpe calmly.

"Well," said Morrison, swift as light, "I'll tell you, Smithers, I'll leave my list of descriptions and a check with you. Give me a receipt, and mark my lands off after you've finished with this gentleman."

Now, Government and State lands are the property of the man who pays for them. Although the clerk's receipt might not give Morrison a valid claim, nevertheless it would afford basis for a lawsuit. Thorpe saw the trap, and interposed.

"Hold on," he interrupted. "I claim precedence. You can give no receipt for any land in these townships until after my business is transacted. I have reason to believe that this gentleman and myself are both after the same descriptions."

"What!" shouted Morrison, assuming surprise.

"You will have to await your turn, Mr. Morrison," said the clerk, virtuous before so many witnesses.

The business man was in a white rage of excitement.

"I insist on my application being filed at once!" he cried, waving his check. "I have the money right here to pay for every acre of it; and if I know the law, the first man to pay takes the land."

He slapped the check down on the rail, and hit it a number of times with the flat of his hand. Thorpe turned and faced him with a steel look in his level eyes.

"Mr. Morrison," he said, "you are quite right. The first man who pays gets the land; but I have won the first chance to pay. You will kindly step one side until I finish my business with Mr. Smithers here."

"I suppose you have the amount actually with you," said the clerk, quite respectfully. "Because if you have not, Mr. Morrison's claim will take precedence."

"I would hardly have any business in a land office if I did not know that," replied Thorpe, and began his dictation of the descriptions as calmly as though his inside pocket contained the required amount in bank bills.

Thorpe's hopes had sunk to zero. After all, looking at the matter dispassionately, why should he expect Carpenter to trust him, a stranger, with so large a sum? It had been madness. Only the blind confidence of the fighting man led him farther into the struggle. Another would have given up, would have stepped aside from the path of this *bona fide* purchaser with the money in his hand.

"He . . . shaved, and clothed himself in linen and cheviot once more."

But Thorpe was of the kind that hangs on until the last possible second, not so much in the expectation of winning as in sheer reluctance to yield. Such men shoot their last cartridge before surrendering, swim the last ounce of strength from their arms before throwing them up to sink, search coolly until the latest moment for a way from the burning building—and sometimes come face to face with miracles.

Thorpe's descriptions were contained in the battered little note-book he had carried with him in the woods. For each piece of land, first there came the township described by latitude and east and west range. After this generic description followed another figure, representing the section of that particular district. So 49—17 W—8 meant section 8 of township in latitude 49°, range 17 west. If Thorpe wished to purchase the whole section, that description would suffice. On the other hand, if he

wished to buy only one forty, he described its position in the quarter-section. Thus SW—NW 49—17 W —8 meant the southwest forty of the northwest quarter of section 8 in the township already described.

The clerk marked across each square of his map, as Thorpe read them, the date and the purchaser's name.

In this note-book Thorpe had, of course, entered the briefest descriptions possible. Now, in dictating to the clerk, he conceived the idea of specifying each subdivision. This gained some time. Instead of saying simply, "Northwest quarter of section 8," he made of it, from separate descriptions, as follows: Northwest quarter of northwest quarter; northeast of northwest quarter; southwest of northwest quarter; and southeast of northwest quarter.

He was not so foolish as to read these descriptions in succession, but so scattered them that the clerk, putting down the figures mechanically, had no idea of the amount of unnecessary work he was doing. The minute-hand of the clock dragged around. Thorpe droned down the long column. The clerk scratched industriously, repeating in a half voice each description as it was transcribed.

At length the task was finished. It became necessary to type duplicate lists of the descriptions. While the somnolent youth accomplished this task, Thorpe listened for the messenger boy on the stairs.

A faint slam was heard outside the rickety old building. Hasty steps sounded along the corridor. The land-looker merely stopped the drumming of his fingers on the broad arm of the chair. The door flew open, and Wallace Carpenter walked quickly to him.

Thorpe's face lighted up as he rose to greet his partner. The boy had not forgotten their compact, after all.

"Then it's all right?" queried the latter breathlessly.

"Sure!" answered Thorpe heartily. "Got them in good shape."

At the same time he was drawing the youth beyond the vigilant watchfulness of Mr. Morrison.

"You're just in time," he went on in an undertone. "Never had so close a squeak. I suppose you have cash or a certified check; that's all they'll take here."

"What do you mean?" asked Carpenter blankly.

"Haven't you that money?" returned Thorpe, quick as a hawk.

"For heaven's sake, isn't it here?" cried Wallace in consternation. "I wired Duncan, my banker, and received a reply from him. He answered that he'd see to it. Haven't you seen him?"

"No," repeated Thorpe in his turn.

"What can we do?"

"Can you get your check certified here near at hand?"

"Yes."

"Well, go do it. And get a move on you. You have precisely until that boy there finishes clicking that machine. Not a second longer."

"Can't you get them to wait a few minutes?"

"Wallace," said Thorpe, "do you see that white-whiskered old lynx in the corner? That's Morrison, the man who wants to get our land. If I fail to plank down the cash the very instant it is demanded, he gets his chance. And he'll take it. Now go. Don't hurry until you get beyond the door: then *fly!*"

Thorpe sat down again in his broad-armed chair and resumed his dreaming. The nearest bank was six blocks away. He counted over in his mind the steps of Carpenter's progress; now to the door, now in the next block, now so far beyond. He had just escorted him to the door of the bank, when the clerk's voice broke in on him.

"Now," Smithers was saying, "I'll give you a receipt for the amount, and later will send to your address the title deeds of the descriptions."

Carpenter had yet to find the proper official, to identify himself, to certify the check, to return. It was hopeless. Thorpe dropped his hands in surrender.

Then he saw the boy lay the two typed lists before his principal, and dimly he perceived that the youth, shamefacedly, was holding out an envelope toward himself.

"What is it?" he stammered, drawing his hand back as though from a red-hot iron.

"You asked me for a telegram," said the boy stubbornly, as though trying to excuse himself, "and I didn't just catch the name, anyway. When I saw it on those lists I had to copy, I recollected this here."

"Where'd you get it?" asked Thorpe breathlessly.

"A man came here early and left it for you while I was sweeping out this morning," explained the boy. "Said he had to catch a train. It's yours all right, ain't it?"

"Oh, yes," replied Thorpe.

" ' You will kindly step one side until I finish my business with Mr. Smithers here.' "

He took the envelope and walked uncertainly to the tall window. He looked out at the chimneys. After a moment he tore open the envelope.

" I hope there's no bad news, sir ?" said the clerk, startled at the paleness of the face Thorpe turned to the desk.

" No," replied the land-looker. " Make out your receipt. There's a certified check for your money."

THE END.

A GOOD DINNER.

A LITTLE STORY OF MARRIED LIFE.

By Mary Stewart Cutting.

"THE butcher, ma'am."

Mrs. Chauncey Callender put down her half-eaten muffin with a gesture of despair, as she looked at the tidy, white-capped maid before her.

"Why does he always come at breakfast time? As if it is possible to know then what one is going to want for the day! I'm sure I can't think of a thing! Chauncey, you *might* help me. I get so tired planning the meals, and it's very hard to order for a small family. What would you like for dinner to-night?"

"Roast peacock," said Mr. Callender.

"Would you like a beefsteak?" His wife patiently ignored the last remark, which as a stock answer to a stock question had even ceased to irritate her.

"I shouldn't mind having it."

"'Shouldn't *mind* having it!' I'm asking you if you want it."

"I want anything that you do."

"Oh, Chauncey! You'll drive me crazy-mad some day. I wish you'd express a preference; it would make it so much easier for me. Would you like chicken? I know that Cadmus has poultry on Wednesday."

Mr. Callender's expression became suddenly tinged with melancholy. Although he was now metropolitan in appearance, manner, and habit, his early existence had been spent upon a farm, where the killing and eating up of chickens at certain periods of the year was an economic process, compulsory upon the household. A momentary sickness and distate of life seemed evolved from the recollection as he answered:

"I don't seem to care much for chicken."

"You never do, and I am so fond of it. Well, chops then. Would you like breaded chops?"

"We have those almost every night, don't we?" returned Mr. Callender briskly, under the impression that he was being agreeable. "When in doubt, have chops. Oh, yes, I like them well enough, when they're not raw in the middle, like the last. But get what you want yourself, Cynthia, it really doesn't make any difference to me."

"That's so like you! Why don't you tell me at the time when things are wrong, instead of coming out with it like this, afterwards? Why didn't you say the chops were raw? Mine were all right." She regarded him with affectionate exasperation, her wrath tempered by a guilty consciousness that there had been undue sameness in the meals lately. "If I were like some wives——."

"The butcher, ma'am—he's waiting," interposed the maid, apologetically.

"Tell him I'll come down to the village myself and give the order," said Mrs. Callender with dignity. "I'll surprise you with a really good dinner to-night, something out of the ordinary. We'll have a dinner party for ourselves."

"All right," said Mr. Callender with amiable alacrity, feeling relieved of all individual responsibility. "Let's, as the children say. I'll bring out a bottle of wine and some flowers for you to carry out the idea," he added, with a magnificent coöperation in her plans that would have made up for all his previous shortcomings if he had not suddenly remarked as he was going out of the door:

"By the way, we may have company to-night, but I'm not *sure*. I nearly forgot to mention it."

"Chauncey!"

"A couple of Englishmen, over here to interview the firm; nice fellows, you'd like 'em. They may give us a big order if things are satisfactory, and we treat 'em right."

"*Chauncey!*"

But he was gone for his train. Mrs. Callender looked horrified, and then laughed. It was a way she had. His unexpectedness was always a secret delight to her, although she outwardly bemoaned it; it gave her a gambler's interest in existence, and also a pleasing sense of masculine masterfulness. She was wont to thank heaven that she was married to a *man*.

At no time would Mrs. Callender have been averse to the society of two nice men for dinner. She decided at once to expect them permanently, and accordingly took her cookery books in for consultation with the kitchen divinity, an elderly competent woman, newly installed, whose look of aggrieved patience

had been gained from a peripatetic experience of young and erratic housewives.

This being swooped a pile of dish-towels off in one arm from the back of a chair as Mrs. Callender drew it forward, swooped a cluster of dishes from the table, and with still another swoop wiped the white oil-cloth cover clean enough for the books to be deposited on it. She then stood, her hands in front of her, rigidly attentive to the words of fate.

There was, however, an innate joyousness about young Mrs. Callender which bubbled forth at all times and in all places, carrying preconceived opinions with it. The countenance of the cook insensibly relaxed as Mrs. Callender beamingly said:

"I'm going to have a good dinner to-night, Catherine, and I want you to help me."

"Yes, ma'am—for how many?"

"Only four. I've decided on some of the things I want. You know how to make cream of celery soup?'

"Yes, ma'am."

"And boiled salmon with white sauce—you made the last very nicely; and cucumbers dressed with oil and vinegar——."

"You'll have to order the oil, ma'am, as we're just out of it."

"Yes, I will; of course, we'll need it for the mayonnaise also. I'll have tomato salad, and I wish you would make some cheese wafers to go with it like those we had when you came last week. They were awfully good. And I want just a few rhubarb tarts and a frozen chocolate pudding for dessert—here's the receipt for that—with whipped cream. And you might make a small cake of any kind that's easy, Catherine."

"What kind of meat is it to be, ma'am?"

"Spring lamb," said Mrs. Callender with all the solemnity which such a resolution demanded. To buy real spring lamb in the suburbs in early April puts one on a level with a moneyed aristocracy. "Spring lamb with mint sauce and fresh peas and new potatoes, if I can get them," she added reverently as a saving clause. She blessed her lucky stars that it was not a Friday, when, as every suburban dweller knows, there are only a few wilted strands of green to be seen in the vegetable bins, and nothing but cold round potatoes and onions and turnips are untemptingly offered for sale.

"And oh, Catherine," concluded Mrs. Callender, "we'll have coffee, of course; and I wish you'd make some of those lovely little rolls of yours—that is, if you have time," she generously conceded.

"I'll put the bit of ironing I have on hand away until to-morrow," said Catherine, with the resignation of necessity. "And you'll make out a list, ma'am, if you'd please, of the things we do be needing. I'd have to get at the cake and the rolls this morning.

"TOOK UP A SHEET OF BLUE PAPER."

There's not a thing in the house to-day to start on. We've no eggs, nor cheese, nor cream, nor chocolate, and not enough butter, and no rock salt for the freezing, and there's no fruit either, if you want that."

"Oh, yes, certainly! It's well that you reminded me." Mrs. Callender beamed anew upon her help. "I'm going out to-day to luncheon, so you and Nelly will have all the time there is. I'll go and see about the ordering at once as soon as I have given her directions about the table. I want everything to look as pretty as possible. Mr. Callender is going to bring me some lovely flowers for the centre of it," she concluded with a little flourish.

In the little rounds of a suburban town any incident is an event. Mrs. Callender felt that the day had become one of real importance. She let her fancy play around the two Englishmen and her good dinner and her own toilet until she was in a very pleasurable state of excitement. And to be going out to luncheon besides! The latter, however, was not a real function, but only the usual concomitant of a French reading which she held every week with a friend—still, it was quite like having two invitations in one day.

It happened that another friend stopped in casually that morning to see Mrs. Callender, on her way home from marketing, and from her she gained the pleasing knowledge that all the viands on which she had set her reckless fancy were really to be had that day—even to the fresh peas, whose pods might almost have contained small balls of gold, so stupendous was the price asked for them. But when she finally went upstairs to dress she found, to her consternation, that it was already half-past eleven, and not a thing ordered yet!

Every moment now was precious. She concentrated all her attention, and sitting down by her desk took up a sheet of blue paper and wrote down rapidly on it a list of all her wants—one for the grocer, and one for the butcher. Then Fortune favoring her with the sight of little Jack Rand across the street, on his bicycle, she called him over and confided the list to his care.

"And be sure that they both read the order carefully," she said. "Take it on to Cadmus when O'Reilly is through with it. You will not need to tell them anything, except that they are to send the things *at once*."

"Yes," said Jacky, departing with swift-revolving red legs. As she saw the blue paper in his hands a strange reluctance seemed to hover over her, she couldn't tell why, as if it were somehow wrong to write lists on blue paper. Perhaps it *was* extravagant. There was a load off her mind when Jack returned to affirm the faithful performance of his errand, before she started out for the luncheon. "'They had all the things and they'll send them right up, they *promised*.'" She repeated his words with a glow of satisfaction.

There was no French after luncheon that day. Her friend had tickets for the private view of some pictures in town and persuaded Mrs. Callender to accompany her, under the pledge of taking an early train back. As a matter of fact, the six o'clock bells were ringing before Mrs. Callender had started to walk home from the station, feeling thoroughly guilty as she thought of her long defection from the affairs of the household on such a day, though it was quite likely that Chauncey's friends would not come. The blue paper returned to her mind, unpleasantly, mysteriously.

She hastened into the kitchen, to be confronted by a scene of spotless order, a brilliant fire in the range shedding a red glow over the hearth, and the white-aproned cook sitting in the front of it with her hands folded and a stony glare in her eyes.

"How is the dinner getting on?" asked Mrs. Callender, nervously.

"There ain't no dinner," said the cook.

"No dinner! What do you mean, Catherine?"

"Not the sign of a thing has come this whole blessed day, ma'am; and me a-waitin' here with my ironin' half done, in the middle of the week. Not an egg nor a potato is there in the house, even."

Mrs. Callender stopped, confounded. The shops were all closed at that hour.

"Why, I saw Jack Rand myself, after he had given the order!" she exclaimed, and then—she knew: like lightning her association with the sheet of blue writing-paper was revealed to her; on the other side of it was written the address of a new-comer who lived across the track at the other end of the village. The marketing had gone there!

"Well, I never heard of such a thing!" she commented blankly, and, as usual, laughed.

It was but a brief ten minutes later that her husband was presenting his guests to her—they had come! She had been but hoping against hope that they would not.

"Cynthia, I want to introduce Mr. War-

burton and Mr. Kennard. I have persuaded them to dine with us to-night."

"It was awfully good of your husband to invite us," said Mr. Warburton, who was the elder, pleasant-faced and gray-haired, with the refined accent and accustomed manner of a gentleman. "I hope we'll not inconvenience you, Mrs. Callender."

"No, I hope we're not inconveniencing you," murmured the other, who looked nineteen and was twenty-nine, who spoke from somewhere down in his throat and blushed with every word.

"Not in the least," said Mrs. Callender, immediately and intrepidly rising to the occasion. She was a stanchly hospitable little soul, and to have refused a welcome to the guests foisted on her would have been as impossible to her at any time as to the proverbial Arab. There was an inscrutable defiance in her eyes, however, when they met her husband's, which puzzled him uncomfortably.

"Mr. Nichols wished us all to dine at the Waldorf-Astoria," he explained—Mr. Nichols was the senior partner of the firm. "But I found, accidentally, that these gentlemen were extremely tired of living at hotels, and longed for a little home-like dinner, by way of variety."

"We have been so much in your big hotels," said Mr. Warburton, apologetically. "It makes one very dull, after a time, I think. You can't imagine, Mrs. Callender, our joy when Mr. Callender so kindly offered to take us in. It's so uncommonly jolly of you both to treat us in this way."

"I remembered that you said we were to

"'CANNED THINGS . . . ARE VERY USEFUL IN EMERGENCIES.'"

have a particularly good dinner to-night, so I didn't telegraph you when I found that they could come," said Mr. Callender when the party had separated to dress and he and his wife were alone in their own room. "Nichols is very anxious to have them pleased —I told you that before, I think. They're looking at machines, and if they take the London agency for us it will make a big difference. Why on earth did you look at me in that way down-stairs? Is there anything wrong?"

"No; nothing is wrong," said his wife ironically, "except that we *haven't* any dinner—to speak of. Oh, dear, if you make me laugh I'll never be able to hook this gown. No, it *isn't* the least bit tight, it's almost too loose, in fact—but I can't hook it when I laugh. Chauncey, the order went wrong in some way, this morning, and the marketing never came at all. Just stand and take that in. If you had only helped me at breakfast when I *asked* you to, it wouldn't have happened. I was away all the afternoon, and, of course, Catherine never sent for anything—just sat and waited. There's nothing in the house but some cans of mock-turtle soup and tomatoes, and one can of corned beef, and a small one of plum pudding. Catherine is going to warm the beef in the tomatoes, and make a sauce for the pudding. I'd die before I'd apologize beforehand to those men: they'd never forgive themselves for coming."

Mr. Callender whistled. "Good gracious! And to think we've come from the Waldorf-Astoria for this! But I don't see yet how it happened," he incautiously objected. "I should think you could have managed better in some way, Cynth."

"Oh! you do, do you?" said Mrs. Callender. "Well, I don't. If you had the housekeeping to look after in a place like this, Chauncey, where you never can get anything you want, and there's not a shop in the place open after half-past six——."

"Yes, I know, I know," interposed Mr. Callender hastily, dodging the subject with the ease of long practice. "But couldn't you knock up an omelet, or a Welsh rarebit, or some sort of a side dish? Couldn't you *borrow* something?"

Mrs. Callender shook her head tragically. "Nelly went to the Appletons and the Warings to see if she couldn't get some eggs, but they had only one left at each place. It's no use, Chauncey, we've got to do the best we can. I've put on my prettiest gown, and—did you bring the wine?"

"Yes, and it's good," said Mr. Callender with returning cheerfulness. He was glad now that he had paid a price for it that was too large ever to be divulged to his wife.

"And the flowers?"

"What flowers?"

"The flowers you said you were going to bring me."

"My dear girl, I never thought of them from that moment to this."

"Then we have nothing for the centre of the table but that old crumpled-up fernery," she paused tragically. "Not even fruit! There's another plank gone."

"Never mind, you're the whole platform," said her husband with jollity. "You always manage some way."

"I have to," she pleaded, looking at herself approvingly in the glass. The jetted black dress set off her white neck and arms very well. She never considered herself pretty, but she had an infectious smile, brilliant teeth, and those very light gray eyes that look black under excitement. She cast a provocative glance at her husband, with mock coquetry, and then deftly avoided his outstretched arm.

"I've no time for you," she said, saucily. "But for goodness sake, Chauncey, rise to the occasion all you *can!*"

The two irreproachably attired men who made their entrance into the drawing-room looked at her in a manner which she certainly found encouraging. She concluded that the chances were good for making them enjoy the dinner, irrespective of its quality. She was enjoying their unspoken admiration, and the conversation also, when Mr. Warburton returned to the subject of their invitation.

"It's so good of you to have us without any notice—so uncommonly jolly for us. We've been so tired of hotel cooking, after the steamer."

"Yes," chimed in the other, "it grew to be almost as tiresome to us as the beastly tinned food we lived on when we were in Africa."

"Oh, have you been in Africa lately?" asked Mrs. Callender with composure, although she and her husband felt the piercing of a mortal dart, and did not dare to look at each other.

"Yes, Kennard and I were on an exploring expedition last year, accidentally; it's quite a long tale—but we lived on tinned soups and meats, and even plum pudding—fancy it in the hot climate!—until even the smell of them sickened us. We've not been able to touch a bit of tinned food since."

"'I WANT YOUR DINNER.'"

"Canned things—or tinned, as you call them—are very useful in emergencies," said Mr. Callender with idiotic solemnity. "You know you have to eat them sometimes—when you can't get help yourself, you know. Oh, yes, in emergencies tinned things are very useful—if you like 'em."

Mr. Kennard laughed heartily, as if at some delicate joke. "Ah, yes, yes, if you like them—if you like them, Warburton, yes—mind that, yes!"

"Excuse me for a moment," said Mrs. Callender with graceful deliberation, sweeping slowly out of the room, and as soon as the door had closed behind her rushing into the kitchen wildly. The fortunes of war were against her, but win the victory she would. There *had* to be some way out of this!

"Don't dish up a thing, Catherine," she ordered breathlessly. "It is no use, the gentlemen never eat anything canned. I've got to think up something else." Daunted by the grim face of the insulted cook, she turned appealingly to the waitress, a young and venturesome person, as woman to woman. "You must know of something I could do, Nelly!"

"The Warings, ma'am——"

"You *told* me you'd been there, and that everything they had was cooked for their own dinner."

The eyes of Irish Nelly sparkled. "That's just it, ma'am. Mr. Waring's home late tonight, and they're only just now sitting down to the soup. I seen it going in through the window. If you—" she stopped, tentatively.

"Well, well—*say* it!"

"Sure, they'd loan you the whole dinner, ma'am, if you asked it."

The light of kindred inspiration kindled in Mrs. Callender. The neighborhood was practically a joint-stock food company, where maids might be seen flitting through the back yard at any hour of the day or evening, with the spoils of the borrower. But an entire dinner! The magnificence of the scheme took Mrs. Callender's breath away.

"You'd give the lend of it yourself, ma'am," said Nelly, impartially.

Mrs. Callender gasped—and assented.

"Come!" she said, and followed by the maid, dashed out of the kitchen door, down the back piazza steps, and then up again on the piazza of the adjoining house.

The people seated at the table in the dining-room looked up at the long window, amazed to see Mrs. Callender gesticulating insanely at them from without.

"Don't help any more of that soup," she called insistently. "Don't help any more of it—wait till I get in." The window opened from the inside, and she hurled herself into the room. "No, *no!*" she answered the look on their horror-struck faces, "it's not poisoned. I don't mean that—it's all right; but I want it myself, I want your dinner. Oh, *will* you let me take it home with me?"

"My *dear* Mrs. Callender," expostulated Mr. Waring in a quieting voice, rising cautiously.

"No, I'm not crazy! I mean just what I say. My husband has brought home company, and we had only a canned dinner, and they can't eat it because they've been in Africa—and, oh, I can't explain. And it's so important to treat them well, and—oh, you *dear* thing!"

For Mrs. Waring had handed the soup to Nelly and was already giving orders to her own maid.

"Don't say another word," she commanded rapidly, with a woman's perception grasping the situation. "Send us over just what you have in exchange. We have only a plain home dinner—roast beef, vegetables, macaroni, cottage pudding—you can put the things in your oven again. Henry, carry over this roast, will you? Don't make any noise, any of you."

"I'll take the potatoes," said Mrs. Callender fervently, but as she climbed her own piazza steps once more and saw the ghostly procession that came and went stealthily bearing dishes, her knees suddenly bent under her, and she leaned against one of the piazza posts, too weak from laughter to move.

"Take care, you'll drop that dish," said Mr. Waring interposing a dexterous arm, while he endeavored to balance the roast on the railing. "Mrs. Callender, don't sit down on the piazza; get up. You'll have me laughing, too, if you don't stop, and I've got to take this in and go back for plates."

"We have plates," said Mrs. Callender, strangling. "Oh, Mr. Waring, we have plates—we have *something*. Oh, Mr. Waring, go and leave me, go and *leave* me! I'll never be able to stand up."

"Hello, what's the matter?" Mr. Callender, with an excited whisper, came peering out into the semi-darkness. "That back door keeps letting in an infernal draught. What on earth are you and Waring doing out here, Cynthia? And you without a thing over your shoulders! I call that mean, having a good time out here by yourselves, and leaving me inside to do all the entertaining. Don't you know that we're waiting for dinner, and it's after half-past seven o'clock?"

His ill-used expression was the last straw. Mr. Waring rocked and reeled with his platter, while the roast performed an *obbligato* movement.

"Oh!" moaned Mrs. Callender as her husband finally assisted her to an erect position, and offendedly took up the dish of potatoes. "Don't say a word, don't ask me a thing; you'll never in this world know all I've gone through in the last hour—you couldn't take it in. But I've got the dinner—your Englishmen are provided for—your future is assured, and all that we have to do now is to go in and eat—and eat—and eat."